

THE DIAL



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FOURTH DECLAMATION

BY KENNETH BURKE

IT IS no dismal trick of the memory that there seem to have been gentler times in childhood, lived among animals, and when the fear of death descended only at nightfall. For I recall little mice, brought home in a box of cotton, and themselves warm cotton. I know that we had a parrot which had learned to say good-bye with exceptional affability, though generally by way of greeting. And there were rabbits which I had planned to have ranging about like sheep, but which the terrier could not abide. This terrier was obstinate, his character was hardened, he would not alter his attitudes—and since he enjoyed the trip with me to the river, his interests and ways of thinking were clearly less removed from my own, until his antagonism to the rabbits turned me also against them. When my mother at last refused to feed them, they were sold, and the terrier was allowed to scent his way nervously through the empty cage. There were also two pigeons, but though my father had felt of them as squabs, they proved in later months to be unmated, and no vast flock rose out of these simple beginnings. I have since, in the city, watched pigeons resting high upon a ledge where, from their appearance, I have judged that they were cooing with a drowsy murmur, a soft flute-note. But the heavy roar of the traffic confined them to a visual subsistence.

There were still other animals, and though I owned them at different times, and in different houses, I can readily imagine them as existing simultaneously, all sitting about me in a friendly, ill-assorted circle, kindly and communicative, comfortable in a New Testament manner of living, and attentive to my preferences. In

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a toy-shop window I have seen tiny Swiss-carved cows clustered beneath a life-sized chanticleer—and in such simple disproportions these fellows seem to have surrounded me.

What hordes suddenly befell me? By what demonological event was I torn, transformed, plunged into stridency, with my mind henceforth an intestine wrangle not even stilled by the aggressions of external foes? I learn from the study of other records that this change was not abrupt; but to the natural memory, not rectified by documents, it seems so. As the building of vocabulary admitted me to new fields of enquiry, even the examination of philosophy became an ill-poised and unclean thing. Art, letters, the subtleties of affection and longing, the sole factors by which some whit of human dignity might have been made accessible, were surely the foremost causes of my decay. I openly identified myself with literature, and thus identified disgrace with literature. I have doubtless brought disrepute upon the guild for deformations which were my own but which, since I laid such bold-faced claim to art, have discredited in simpler minds this calling whose self-appointed representative I was.

To these responsibilities I have since become more sensitive, being careful to acknowledge as personal stigma those vices which I should have earlier attributed to my medium. I am aware, however, that many of life's questions have found unseemly answers through being of such importance that they were prematurely asked. While art, through the greater clarity which it brings to any subject, may seem to magnify indecencies which it is but enlightening. People who have focused their purposes upon other matters than speech, allowing their familiarity with it to grow by hazard, can condone in practice what would alienate them harshly by its appropriate statement. Not considering the breach between thought and action, they can brook no great speculative latitude, and will restrict the possible more jealously than the real.

While others were devoting themselves to some positive discipline, I made the unwitting choice of looking further into my disasters. Under the slightest of reverses, I would welcome inclement weather, would go out to scan some broad, lonely sky at sunset, saying, "This I know; this is a return, a homecoming." Or would stand in places which seemed to prepare me for future misadventures, attempting to schematize some process whereby the felicitous disposition of natural objects might serve as solace. Imagining

myself stripped of all hope, all glory, all prospects of learning more and of being fawned upon, I tried to find some irreducible residue. For each of the senses, I would note a corresponding external substance—the curving hill for the eye, the smell of birch fires for the nostrils, and similarly—and in thus considering myself denuded, I have in glimpses understood my privileges. But that man is destitute who, to prove himself well favoured, must glorify his possession of those things which all men have unthinkingly. My awe is rather for persons with whom delights are too ingrained for their perception, as with the natives of Tibet whose long inhabitation in purer altitudes unfits them to notice the ringing of thin air.

Me flendo vindicabam: my vengeance lay in complaint. Until I came to exercise my unlovely science even in times of greatest comfort. It was accordingly by reason of both this aptitude and a lamentable situation that I did, on the night of the *première*, fail to explaining my limitations, despite the turbulence and good nature all about me. For I observed how you could share your satisfactions with others, while keeping the causes of them for yourself alone.

To whoever would listen, I explained this subtler kind of injustice, pleading that you had brought them nothing, had admitted them to no real partnership. You had come among us with postures which could easily be proved absurd. Your schemes "for human betterment," your exhortations "towards a better life," were matched by an equally obvious ineffectualness. Such generosity was clearly fostered by the irresponsibility of your position. I approached you, formally interrupting you as you talked with Florence, and placed these matters before you. "This idealism is a facile and unmeaning thing," I challenged you. "You may advocate much, and thus ally yourself with excellence, through being called upon to do nothing. You need face no objective test. Under the guise of giving, you are receiving."

If only a few had paused to hear me, all paid attention to your answer. "I am prepared to face an objective test," you countered. And they listened without envy while you explained how these unforeseen sums had come into your possession, and how your plans for a colony could now be carried into effect. Looking at Florence, I perceived that in her mind your previous easy heroism had been corroborated. This disclosure of your wealth was like the sudden

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unfolding of some new virtue. It was received as integral to your character; coming upon you unexpectedly, it had the appearance of a profound accomplishment. But how could I plead such matters, when even in my own eyes I was despicable?

I had lived many years with the vacillations of my thoughts—and these events, while they seemed new to others, were for me but the culmination of my weariness. "I accept," I whispered, though the words were inadequate to convey my wretchedness. In their lame pathos, I was not permitted the lesser relief of an adequate expression for my rout.

Henceforth the relationship among the three of us was definitely established. I, whom people spontaneously called by the surname—you, whom even I preferred to address as Anthony. I saw that I had previously done little to awaken more delicate responses in her: out of my own self-questionings, I could present the single certainty that I would have her, thus standing as hardly more than a candidate. If I was incapacitated by my shortcomings, I was made still more so by my abilities. My affection for Florence was too great to admit of caution in my dealings with her; I could not dissemble, since I sought her to endorse and supplement my character. You had appeared among us with ambitions which I had found it convenient to ridicule. But your new resources would now, in the minds of all unthinking persons, seem conducive to these altruistic plans. Your wealth became forthwith engrafted upon your temperament, lending sharpness to your wit and moment to your moodiness. What reason indeed would Florence have for prying into these matters, when so prompted by neither adversity nor natural bent? That hypocrisy which does not know itself is but an aspect of graciousness—and the plans which you had explained to her during your times of poverty were pretext enough for her to accept you under your present flourishing. By a sweet logic of the emotions which I could look upon with impatience, but not with irony, she would picture the many inducements which you might now have to offer her, and from such an inventory could conclude that you stood greatly in need of her, thus adding the weight and solemnity of an imperative to what was in itself but a personal choice. I imagined with too great credence these private musings, as she sat alone before the glass, peering into her own eyes, and speaking in a gentle voice to her reflection, "When the time comes, Anthony, I will be ready."

How may one transform his failures into profit, not in the sense of those who leave failure behind them, since that change would involve a profound forgetting, but in the sense of those whose structure of existence is erected out of the materials of their frustration? I have walked boldly through life, head erect and shoulders thrown back in shame. And when I read of the happiness or sorrow of someone in the tombs of Egypt, when I learn that this name was a sovereign or that name a slave, a kind of silent panic comes over me—for I would not protest against disasters which I knew to be inevitable, but I am troubled by the thought that they might have been readily avoided had I known one trivial rule of conduct which would have altered the entire subsequence of my experiences. I become afraid that I may have omitted some slight correctness of procedure, and that this omission has made my difficulties incommensurate to the offence, as with a man who is struck down by lightning through having chosen shelter beneath one, rather than the other, of two adjoining trees. Yet though I consider grimly the spectacle of my own misfortunes, I burst into mild tears at the reversals of a fiction, perhaps because weeping is less a weakness than a danger, and may be indulged when the element of danger is abstracted. But though one, through fear of death, may desire to die, and may find himself converging upon this single purpose, such notions are loath to permeate the tissues, and the wish never to have been born is unknown to our organs and our senses.

KENNETH BURKE

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

WRITING is made of words, of nothing else. These have a contour and complexion imposed upon them by the weather, by the shapes of men's lives in places. Their combined effect is not sculptural; by their characters they are joined to produce a meaning. This is termed good writing. By success with the words the success of the composition is first realized.

Writing otherwise resolves itself into trite sentences of occasional grace, the idea becomes predominant, the craft becomes servile. Kenneth Burke is one of the few Americans who know what a success of good writing means—and some of the difficulties in the way of its achievement. His designs are difficult, possibly offensive, at times recondite.

From the shapes of men's lives imparted by the places where they have experience, good writing springs. One does not have to be uninformed, to consort with cows. One has to learn what the meaning of the local is, for universal purposes. The local is the only thing that is universal. *Vide Juan Gris*, "The only way to resemble the classics is to have no part in what we do come of them but to have it our own." The classic is the local fully realized, words marked by a place. With information, with understanding, with a knowledge of French, a knowledge of German, I do not hear Burke calling out: Good-bye New Jersey! No place is important, words.

I know Burke would like to go to Paris if he could afford it. He doesn't have to listen to the dialect of some big Swede or others in order to paste up a novel. Words will come to him just as they come to them, but of a different order. Writing.

This is rather negative in the way of praise, but in a starving country one might as well at least talk of food. This will be at least important to American Literature, though negatively, if there will ever be an American Literature. And when there is, that will

be important to French Literature, English Literature, and so finally to the world. There is no other way. Burke seems to me to be stalled in the right place. But that doesn't finish him.

For me, his life itself is a design, gives me satisfaction enough, always from the viewpoint of an interest in writing. He is one of the rarest things in America: He lives here; he is married, has a family, a house, lives directly by writing without having much sold out.

Any cricket can inherit a million, sit in a library and cook up a complicated or crotchety style. Plenty of Americans who know the importance of the word, if it is French or British, can be taught to do smooth puttying. But damned few know it and know the reward and would rather work with the basic difficulty to what end is not apparent.

Kenneth Burke (and family, very important) found a place out in the country where they *could* live. That's all.

The White Oxen is a varied study, as any book where writing is the matter, must be. American beginnings—in the sense of the work of Gertrude Stein, difficult to understand, as against, say the continuities of a De Maupassant. It is a group of short accounts, stories, more or less. They vary from true short stories to the ridiculousness of all short stories dissected out in readable pieces: writing gets the best of him, in the best of the book: The Death of Tragedy and My Dear Mrs Wurtlebach. "Then they were all gone. They had all gone ahead, leaving the log behind them, and fresh rips in the ferns growing out of the rotten leaves, Wurtlebach had avoided the cow-flops, as well as the eyes of the girls."

Americans would prefer to be soothed, to have their wronged gentilities cold creamed, their tightened muscles massaged into relaxation after the manner of the professionals, the really understanding. This *is* literature to them.

It is hard not to have time in a rich country.

The recent Declamations depart further from the "story" in any form and move closer to writing as a savour of words. Burke, let us say, is now avowedly lost, in a way that is to perform brilliantly. Without question the Declamations are his best work.

To me they offer the extraordinary rarity of plain sense as an incentive to composition. It leads to the unusual satisfaction that comes of words placed to represent—blocks, as if the lies which amuse us in romances were a conscious effort to avoid touching anything solid. There is, in the Declamations, freedom from the effort to please, to condone, to yield to the inertia of a tide of sentences; the thought becomes the deed and stays wilfully upon the word—to have both steady against a shifting, sliding, gravitating quicksand of vulgarity.

I don't care much what he is trying to say so long as he is saying it all the time in every word.

I wish someone would start the American renaissance by publishing brochures to be sold at a low price, where writing like Burke's might be available for those who appreciate it.

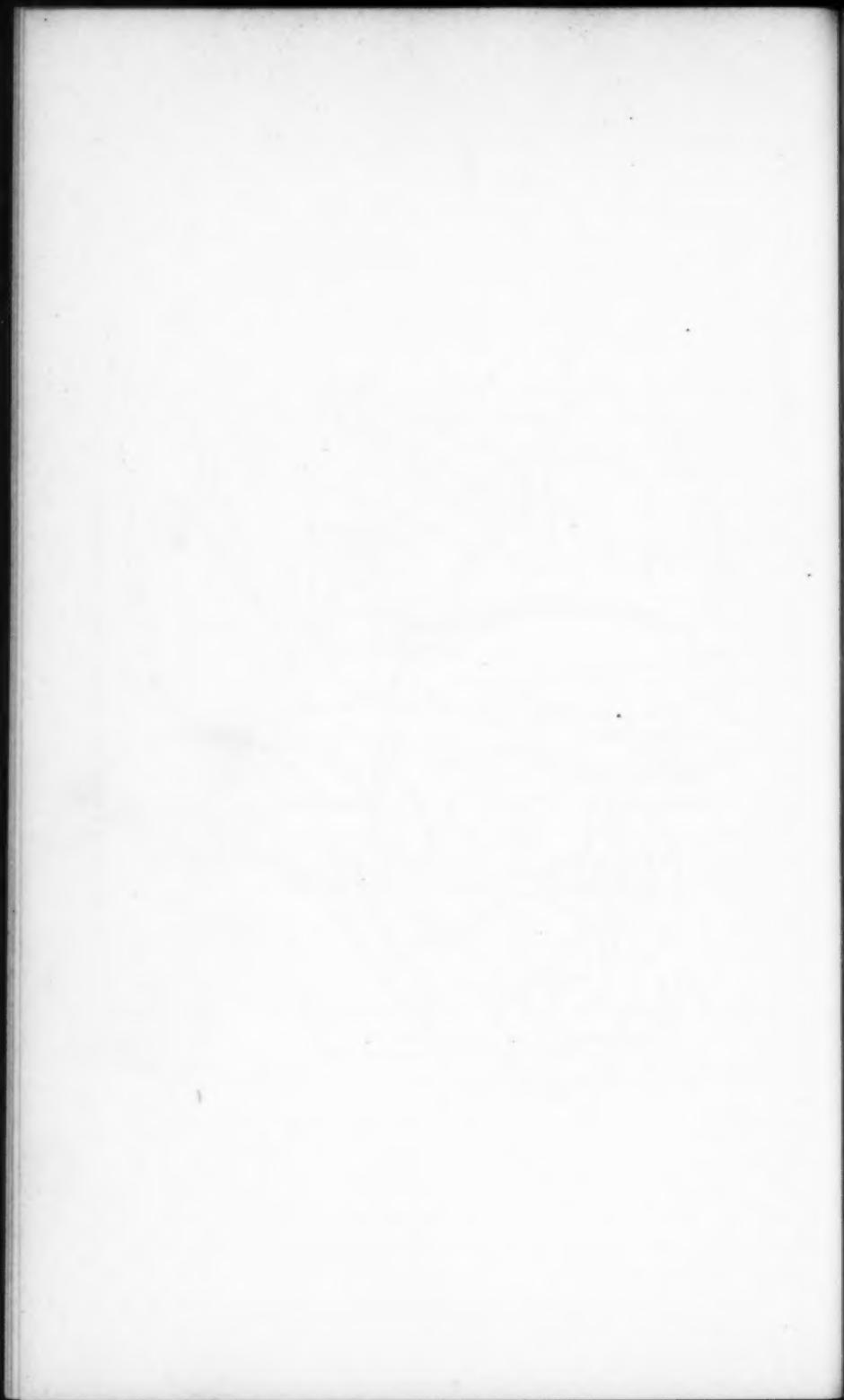


IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE. BY VIRGINIA PARKER





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STRAVINSKY: HIS TECHNIQUE

BY BORIS DE SCHLOEZER

Translated From the French by Ezra Pound

CRITICS of Stravinsky's technique tend ordinarily to consider his art in a lump, neglecting the differences between one period of it, and another, although these differences are quite worthy of note.

The critic, inclined to exaggerate the technical characteristics of the opus or period that he considers particularly significant, tries to find these characteristics constantly and all over the shop. Thus, for the majority of musicians Stravinsky's typical procedures are those of the *Sacre*, or, for another group, the very different ones of the *Octuor*. And thence, from the angle of these procedures, they consider the means used by Stravinsky in all the rest of his work, finding them in germ in such works as precede the work considered as typical, and following their development in the subsequent products. Naturally in such case the route taken by the composer assumes in our eyes a curve, more or less regular, tending to a certain goal, toward which he progresses slowly, by a series of researches, gropings, successes, or checks. For me, the characteristic of Stravinsky's evolution is, precisely, its discontinuity; there is lack of what one can properly call progressive development from one work to another, but each one of the works (the important ones) suffices, in a certain sense, to itself, and should, in consequence, be examined separately and not as a function of some other which it is said to prepare or complete.

One may, indubitably, distinguish in *Petrouschka* certain procedures which Stravinsky is to use later, to greater advantage in *Le Rossignol*; it is equally permissible to establish similar relations between the *Sacre* and *Noèces*, but it seems to me none the less true that if we wish to understand one of these works we must set aside all idea of progress and that we definitely must not consider it as a section of a long unbroken chain stretching from the *Fire Bird* to *Apollo*.

There are composers who have aspired their life long to a

single goal, who have always wished to accomplish one sole work, and their compositions often abundant have been simply a series of reaches and endeavours toward the unique thing, which has remained always a dream, but a dream that has functioned i.e., has sustained and guided the artist in his endeavour. This is not the case with Stravinsky. He has always set himself a precise goal, a concrete thing to be done, and he has accomplished what he set out to do, by means and procedures specially chosen for the effect, and which have given place, at opportune moment, to other means exactly suited to the new problem he set himself.

But if on the one hand, Stravinsky's technique, his melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic writing, his instrumental procedures are conditioned by the aim set, by the problem there to be solved, it is certain, on the other hand, that this problem itself has depended on the means then at the composer's disposal. If Stravinsky has set himself such and such a problem in place of some other; if he has wished to do precisely this thing and not another, that has depended on his technical equipment, of the means at his disposal at that particular moment. There is intimate proportion between the means and the end; and that explains the composer's successes, the absence of flat failures in his career, he has always done what he wished because he has always wished to do what he could do, and what wd. realize his own possibilities. His possibilities have guided his choice of effort, and he has chosen the things that wd. do this to the full, the work is always, as one might say, "his own size." He himself grows, indubitably he develops, but each stage of his musical life corresponds to one or several works, quite complete in their kind, and in which one might say there was no gap between intention and realization.

It is probable that at first this exact adaptation of end to means and means to end occurred unconsciously, and that the composer simply let himself be guided by neat instinct inherent in his musical nature. Later reason and theories intervened; Stravinsky used a certain coquetry in maintaining that the work has for him consisted in every case in a technical problem to be solved, and that this problem itself set the means into operation. One must not be wholly enveloped by these declarations of Stravinsky's, any more than by those of other men who make similar professions of faiths: the work is not simply the α of an equation. Here, however, we penetrate into the realm of the artist's or the creator's "psychol-

ogy"; let us for the moment stick to the questions of technique, without poking into what goes on behind them.

II

I set aside the earliest works, such as the Symphony, and the Faun and Shepherdess (cantata), which have no salient features in their writing, and are indistinguishable at this angle from other work done about 1907 by pupils of Rimsky, Glazounov, or of Liadov. There is very little originality, from the technical side, in the Fire Bird, whatever its first auditors may have thought in 1908, especially here in France where the last works of Rimsky-Korsakov, Kastchei the Immortal, *Le Coq d'Or* were then very little known; as was the case with Scriabine's *Poème de l'Extase*, composed in 1905, but not, I think, performed in Paris until the end of the war.

If the general conception of the Fire Bird is closely attached to the "Russian Story" style, determined by Rimsky, and in which Russian and oriental melodies are woven into an harmonic idiom close to Wagner's, there is also generous use of Debussyian and Scriabinian methods; linkings of ninths, elevenths, and thirteenths diversely altered, augmented fifths, whole tone scales, parallel progressions, etc. Running through the score of the Fire Bird one can easily trace the influences undergone by the author. The beginning of the introduction is inspired by Rimsky: the *Tzar Saltan*, and *Sadko*. The dance of the Bird is clearly in Scriabine's vein, and moreover it was the only page of all Stravinsky's work that Scriabine liked. In the supplications of the captured Bird we easily recognize the design of phrases in triplet from *Parsifal*'s flower maidens. Diatonic Russian themes, such as that in the *Rondeau* of the Princesses, brusquely interrupted by an wholly Scriabinian phrase, are presented us in an harmonic atmosphere saturated with chromatisms. The second tableau, general gaiety, *lento maestoso*, $\frac{3}{2}$ is written in a pompous manner, become almost banal, in the finales of Russian operas and symphonies, whose prototype is in the final chorus of Glinka's *Life for the Tzar* (*Gloire, gloire au tsar*).

One can find no elements in this work "more definitely Stravinskian" and "whose significance shall be revealed later only" than those offered in Rimsky's infernal dance of Kastchei's subjects, with its obstinately hammered rhythm and in the character

of its tonal planes, generally very marked, unequivocal, despite the chromatisms and the whole tone scales which submerge them. Note that the solidity and definiteness of the tonal planes are certainly among the most characteristic traits of Stravinsky's harmonic language.

The gleaming and blandishing instrumentation of the Fire Bird is equally traditional in the sense that the author there shows himself as the most brilliant disciple of that prestidigitating colourist Rimsky-Korsakov, who owes in his turn, as we know, a great deal to Berlioz and to Wagner. But we must now stop for a moment, seeing that the Fire Bird, in regard to instrumentation marks a critical stage in the orchestral work of Stravinsky; meaning that in this ballet the composer pushes to their ultimate limits the orchestral conceptions of his forerunners, and in particular those of his teacher, against which conceptions Petrouchka showed already a decisive reaction, that was to be more accentuated year by year, growing yearly more conscious, more systematic.

The instrumental conception reigning in the Fire Bird is that which dominates nearly all music of the XIXth, and of the opening years of the XXth century, the orchestra is considered as a vast, very complex apparatus, a sort of giant organ whose stops are constituted by the divers groups of instruments. This conception, or rather this tendency provoked certain reactions, that of Berlioz, among others, though his was one of the strongest, so that one says, and justly, that Berlioz "orchestrated with timbres," and one might say, by contrast, that Wagner orchestrated with harmonies. Nevertheless the instrumental procedures, even of those who rebelled, flowed back ultimately into the development of the initial drift: Wagner triumphed, Wagner whose orchestra came out of Weber's. Whatever differences one may note between the instrumental styles of the two orchestral virtuosos of the opening XXth century, Rimsky-Korsakov and Debussy, and however far they may both seem from the orchestral procedures of Wagner, we are here presented with nothing more than variants on the same idea, different applications and realizations of a sole, identical principle, practically never announced but always understood (*sous-entendu*). All the masters of orchestra of the opening XXth century, with very rarest exception (Ravel for example, but only after the *Daphnis*) have, each in his own way, realized the same

orchestral conception, obeying under different cloak or appearance a common tendency which I will call "the romantic" or "magical."

Stravinsky one day declared that Wagner's orchestra played the organ (*faisait orgue*, made an organ); this estimate emerged from him, obviously with pejorative intention. But mightn't one say the same of the Fire Bird orchestra? Let us first understand the meaning of "faire orgue." When Stravinsky applies this expression to Wagner, he means that the latter systematically uses what one might call "orchestral pedal," which gives his instrumentation exactly the fat and compact quality so characteristic of it. To the eye many pages of Wagner appear as linear structure rather aerean, despite the richness of harmony, but in listening to the orchestra one finds that the author has plugged up all the holes, filled all the corners, making sure that the melodic lines are always projected over a continuous sonorous foundation. In this regard the orchestra of Rimsky, Debussy, and of Stravinsky in the Fire Bird, differs completely from Wagner's; they employ orchestral pedal only spasmodically; their instrumentation is ventilated, the orchestral web (literally *woof, trame*) is become tenuous, transparent, not fearing even discontinuity. One no longer seeks the mixture of timbres so much as their opposition, and one is thus brought to underline the specific characters of the different orchestral timbres, and to allot the different groups of instruments their own individuality—abolished by Wagnerian aesthetic, which had tended to the "molten."

I recall that when I told Scriabine that at the end of his *Poème de l'Extase* it was impossible to hear a certain theme clearly, or to guess what instruments were producing it, he replied, "That is exactly what I intended, for a good instrumentation is like a good sauce, one mustn't know what it is made of, or what ingredients have entered its composition. It is a matter of obtaining a total impression, in which all the elements are melted together." (The word used is "*confondus*," but the translator hesitates to use the somewhat malign English equivalent.)

From this instrumental aesthetic, sprung evidently from *Tristan* which, desiring that nothing shall pierce, or jut out, ends up in a species of orchestral camouflage, to the all quite angular, all faceted orchestra of the *Fire Bird* (considering particularly the first tableau) the distance is, assuredly, great. And yet. . . .

Whether there be opposition of timbres or their mixture, whether the instrumental groups conserve their distinct personalities or are melted together and amalgamated, whether one abuse orchestral pedal or renounce it save in exceptional cases, one starts always from the same idea, essentially modern, that the orchestra is a whole, and that its divers parts exist only in this whole, and by their relation to it. Historically the orchestra was created by joining one instrumental group to another; but in our modern conception, it appears as a generative apparatus for timbres, a vast key-board of almost unlimited possibilities; it is no longer a grouping together, a product of the addition of different instruments as it was in the pre-Beethoven period. From this point of view Stravinsky's orchestra before Petrouchka "plays the organ" quite as much as Wagner's, the author of the Fire Bird merely uses his organ differently from the author of Tristan.

It may seem that there is not much to be gained by admitting this subtle distinction between the Mozartian orchestra, for example, which is merely a sum or a total, and the modern orchestra which is a synthetic apparatus or organism. I believe, however, that it elucidates Stravinsky's instrumental evolution, and helps us to perceive more clearly the novelty in the orchestra of Petrouchka, and of successive works, in relation to that of the Fire Bird and all the work of that period.

There is a pronunciamento which we see constantly in concert notices: "This work is hardly interesting for the ideas in it, it is banal, empty, but it is very well orchestrated, it sounds nice."

We understand what this means, i.e.: The author lacks melodic and harmonic invention, but thanks to his great experience in handling an orchestra or even to special aptitudes, he excels in combining timbres, thus obtaining effects, more or less new, which sometimes prevent one from detecting the quality of his music. We, thus or then, admit that a musician who "composes" badly may orchestrate very well; the play of instrumental timbres, thus obtaining or having obtained its own particular value in our aesthetic. This conception did not mount above the horizon till the beginning of the Romantic era. For a contemporary of Haydn, of Mozart, or even of Beethoven the phrase "orchestrate well" had a different significance from that which it has for a modern: it meant then that the composer knew how to bring out the melodic and harmonic structure of his work, to make it clear and to reveal

thus all the musical substance it contained. It was impossible at that date to be void of musical ideas and to "orchestrate well" all the same.

It is a common affair to-day, because a century has passed since the divorce of the very structure of a work from its realization on the orchestral plane; and this divorce could only occur, little by little, because one had got used to thinking of the orchestra as a generative apparatus for timbres.

What gives the particular character to the orchestra of Mozart (which so many of the "young" are now striving to copy) is not the lightness, or the clarity, or the sobriety, or rather all these qualities are merely the consequences of his conception of orchestra, a conception shared by his contemporaries, but which he applied with greater competency than most of them, and which consists in considering the different musical groups as functions of melodic ideas, and of harmonic planes, which must each receive the best possible exposition. This in no way prevented Mozart from "thinking orchestrally" as they call it; from writing his scores directly for instruments (whereas Wagner composed at the piano), Mozart being sustained if you will by a collection of consecrated formulas, which he employed without feeling of constraint, without fear of banality, since the "beauty" of the instrumentation consisted not in the novelty of the effects of timbre, but in the bringing out, bringing into value of a certain musical content.

It is probably with Weber that the orchestra first pretended to impose its own worth and is revealed as a powerful means of action, a sort of magic, a transfixing the wax image, (*envoûtement*) bewitchment, acting directly on the sensibility without an intellectual registering. The charm of the Mozartian orchestra is, in audition, inseparable from the development of ideas, a development that demands a certain effort of attention on our part, a sort of tenseness of spirit almost nil for those who know the piece already, while Weber's orchestra, and still more the orchestra of Wagner, Berlioz, Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, or Stravinsky, before Petrouschka, sends us into a quasi-hypnotic state. I have called it "magic" orchestra, for one of the effects of any magic action is that it tends to plunge the subject into a receptive, into an exclusively passive, state. And the orchestra of these last mentioned composers and of many others who follow them at less or at greater distance makes us no longer auditors but patients. Thanks

to the play of timbres which they employ with a learnable skill, but which may come also from genius, we undergo their grip before knowing "what it's about," without even needing to understand it.

The *Fire Bird* is the very type of this art of bewitchment. If we can even now become aware, even now react and catch sight of other routes, and understand that this timbre-factory, the modern orchestra is by no means an ineluctable necessity, it is to Stravinsky that we owe our enlightenment; for he first, in *Petrouschka* broke with romantic instrumentation, and gave back its ancient role to the orchestra.

III

And yet the elements which above everything else first struck and ravished the auditors of *Petrouschka* were its orchestral sonorities, very different, certainly from the strokings and ticklings of the *Fire Bird*, but strongly, almost brutally coloured, all in clearly emphasized contrasts, often sharp and hard, strangely new. One easily notes the absence of all orchestral pedal, the composer's use of pure timbres, which he endeavours to underline by opposing the characteristic peculiarities of the groups, of instruments. But there was something much more important to take note of: the orchestra of *Petrouschka* marked the end of the reign of "beautiful sonorities," and even of strange, new, exotic sonorities, etc., and of these sonorous combinations which of themselves, detached, without relation to anything else, plunge us instantly into beatitude wholly physical. The instrumentation of this work is strictly subordinated to the melodic ideas; it does not exist save as function of these ideas, which it strives to set in relief, to realize as completely as possible, without pretending to impose itself by itself on the auditor. Thus one might say there are no more "orchestral effects" in *Petrouschka*, for the combinations of timbres are determined by the development of the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic ideas; and the value of these combinations only appears in their mutual relations, that is to say, in revealing the significance of the melodic phrases to which these combinations give body.

I insisted at the beginning of this chapter on the danger of considering the evolution of Stravinsky's art in form of a continuous regular curve, and so trying to follow the development of certain procedures. If in *Petrouschka* the composer re-establishes the

functional role of orchestra, and terminates the divorce between the melodic structure of a work and its instrumental realization, a divorce which dates back to Weber, one might suppose that having started on this path Stravinsky has ever since persisted therein, and that the *Sacre*, for example, marks a still further anabasis as compared to *Petrouschka*. It don't. In the *Sacre* the composer "plays the organ" again, his orchestra is no longer, as in *Petrouschka*, linear and conditioned by the musical structure, he hunts out instrumental combinations for their own sake, he gives himself up to the play of timbres in the effort to create a special atmosphere of terror and mystery, as for example in the prelude to the second tableau. His orchestral technique is there adapted to the character of the work, to the precise end he had assigned himself. Whence the impression of black magic, the magic force of the *Sacre*, and the purely receptive state into which it sends us, thanks also to rhythmic texture.

One cannot too often repeat that it is only in developing the element of timbre in music, and in giving it a certain autonomy, that the composer can assume the role of enchanter (against which Nietzsche so violently protested) that is, manage to have us give ourselves over wholly to him hands tied, feet tied, our wills wholly abolished. For melody and harmony, if they are to be assimilated, if they are to touch us, or charm us, demand necessarily from us a certain intellectual operation, an act of synthesis.

In the *Sacre* then, the composer re-establishes temporarily the autonomy of timbre (and we will note that this autonomy goes always hand in hand with writing in chords) and he there treats the orchestra once again not as an assembly, a compost of different elements whose concourse can be obtained and justify itself only by the structure of the musical thought, but treats it as a single instrument of multiple registers of which he can dispose freely in aiming at independent effects.

The two conceptions face each other in *Le Rossignol*, that curious work which looks like a cross-roads in Stravinsky's compositions, a sort of cross-roads where he hesitates and falls back at sight of the divergent routes there before him. In such episodes as the Chinese March, the element of timbre reconquers its autonomy, as is at that point quite comprehensible. The same thing happens at the start of the second tableau; but later in the same scene one observes the predominance of melodic idea, using timbre for its

(the melodic) purpose. It is, on the contrary, the play of sonorities which dominates the symphonic poem, *Le Chant du Rossignol*, which the composer extracted from his opera in 1917, making there his last sacrifice to the god Orchestra.

Already in 1916, 1917, 1918, with *Renard*, *Noces*, *Histoire du Soldat*, he returned to the instrumental conceptions applied by him for the first time in *Petrouchka*, now developing them by reducing the dimensions of his orchestra. This reduction is extremely significant; it is, indeed, the direct consequence of his drift toward treating the orchestra as an assembly in which each instrument or group executes its part in a polyphonic structure. The instruments more than the human voices, incarnate the contrapuntal plot, and serve, as one might say, to characterize and to personify each one of its parts. At the limit of this system one finds, the quatuor, or in a more general way, chamber music. For what essentially differentiates chamber music from orchestra properly so called, is not only the number of instruments, but their modus of use, in the *Histoire du Soldat* and in *Renard* the composer obtains surprising sonorities, unheard of in the strict sense of the term, but these effects are the same in kind as those obtained by Mozart, by clarionet, in his *Quintette*. They are conditioned by the thematic development. The cymbalum itself, that Stravinsky uses so happily in *Renard*, fills an harmonic function, which its special sonority serves to make clear.

The typical work of this instrumental method is the *Octuor*, a work almost wholly polyphonic. But Stravinsky remains equally faithful to the method in stage works, *Mavra*, *Oedipus*, and *Apollo-Musagetes*. These last two works are especially interesting from this angle, for side by side with contrapuntal pages are pages of harmonic writing in chordal structure that ought, it might seem, to tempt or shove the composer into playing with timbres. He does nothing of the sort, on the contrary we notice a determination to renounce all colour effects, to the point that he even refuses to underline certain particularly striking harmonic aggregates by instrumental groups thereto appropriate. After having sorted out the modern orchestra into its elements to produce the orchestra of assemblage, the orchestra *da camera* of the pre-Beethoven period, Stravinsky ends his ballet *Apollo* with nothing but strings, thus deliberately abstaining from combinations of instruments that could give salience to his musical thought. In the self-assigned limits

he could certainly have dosed out or grouped his string timbres in a way to produce new effects of sonority. But no, the element of timbre seems to have lost all value in his ears, neither mixtures, nor contrasts, a single tint, a discrete unified tint, and in a monochrome atmosphere, the bourgeon of unadulterated melodies. The concourse of instruments has here no objective save their unfoldings, their contacts, their balancings. The orchestra wants to be forgotten, and succeeds in that aim.

But here, and let us not overlook it, the musician sets himself, as in the *Oedipus*, a precise goal; he adapts his orchestral procedures to the problem he has set himself to solve. Were these postulates different it is probable that Stravinsky wd. have changed his orchestral tactics. However, in spite of the necessity to consider each of Stravinsky's works in itself, by itself, we note a general tendency toward the absolute subjugation of timbre values to the values of melody and of harmony. The body of the orchestra, if we may so call it, seems to dematerialize in his later productions; a body that had been in *The Fire Bird* and the *Sacre* so unwontedly beautiful, plump and strong, now submitted to ascetic regime, reduced strictly to minimum, which allows the animating spirit to show through, and which shines only with the beauty of the "soul" of the music, alias melody.¹

Which things being stated, it appears I believe, that Stravinsky is by no means a colourist, whatever may be the common opinion. I am happy to agree on this point with Monsieur E. Ansermet, whose article on Stravinsky in the *Revue Musicale* (1 July, 1921) is undoubtedly worth citing:

"He does not use his timbres as colourist. . . . His work is a polyphonic construction of melodic and harmonic rhythms, set in relief by the qualities of the timbres."

One must not, however, accept this as meaning that rhythm is the fundamental element in Stravinsky.

IV

As we have seen, the *Fire Bird* neither innovates by harmonic

¹ Analogous tendency in all the very late works of Debussy despite the difference in method.—Author's Foot-note.

writing nor by instrumental procedure, it is quite of its epoch, but with Petrouchka all changes brusquely.

The chromatism gives place to a diatonic style whereto Stravinsky remains still faithful, though with important modifications. With rare exceptions chromatism does not again appear in his work, save in the *Sacre*, in prelude and second tableau, with traces in Petrouchka, for the magician's entry and at the beginning of the *passe-passe*, where, in relation to the diatonism of the pages that precede and follow, it takes on a quite special flavour. The superpositions of chords, the sequences, have gone; there are no more whole tone scales, or fifths augmented. The very concept of "chord" changes in Petrouchka, for Stravinsky has abandoned the vertical harmonic writing that ruled in the *Fire Bird*, replacing it by an horizontal melodic style, that develops up to the polyphonics of his last compositions.

In the *Fire Bird* the polyphony is still rudimentary, consisting in nothing more than imitation harmonic in character, which now and again breaks a chord, but in Petrouchka we find real combinations of melodies, and real contrapuntal developments which are not determined by harmony, but on the contrary determine it by their own contacts: for example, the superposition of the two waltz themes in the first tableau, the canon at fourth in the *russian* dance, the finale of the same tableau; the entrance of the Moor in the waltz of the third scene, the development in canon at fourth of the introduction theme, in counterpoint with the theme of the dance of the nurses, the canon at octave, trombones and fiddles in the dance of coachmen and nurses, and so on. The tonality is always clearly affirmed. But it is precisely in Petrouchka where no tonal ambiguity is possible that Stravinsky first employs certain procedures that might be termed polytonal: the episode of the organ-grinder gives us parallel tonalities of B-flat-major, and of D-minor; the dance of nurses: G-major and D-flat. The *Sacre* offers us still more significant examples of contact of different tonalities. It is their generalized employment that gives the harsh and hard impression to so many of its pages. At the start of the first scene we find the combination of A-minor and C-sharp. In the game of rival cities, are D-minor and F-sharp-minor, and a little further on, G-major, E-flat-major, and C-major. In the Circle of Mysterious Youths, one clarionette plays in C-minor, the other in D-flat-minor.

And yet I hardly think we can use the term polytonality in its true sense, when speaking of Igor Stravinsky. There is, indeed, real

polytonality in certain works of Milhaud, his sixth *Quatuor* for example where there is complete independence of different tonal planes, to the point that each of the voices (parts) of a bi- or tritonal weaving seeks and finds its own resolution and comes out to its cadence. This does not occur in Stravinsky's work, either in the *Sacre* or in later compositions, in him there is always a fundamental tonality, rigorously affirmed, and to which the melodic lines, or harmonic complexes belonging to a different tonality are temporarily joined or referred, but the other tonality is finally abandoned, or melted through modulation into the fundamental tonality. Stravinsky, in brief, merely aggrandizes the use of passing notes, lying outside his tonality; in him one finds passing themes, melodies, and even whole phrases which take the role of harmonic retardants and anticipations. But under the complexity of his harmonic weaving, or straddling of two, sometimes three tonalities, one makes out, always, the principal tonal plane, which in the end absorbs the others and proclaims itself in a cadence which wipes out all ambiguity. The finale of the first scene, the Earth Dance, is nothing but a long cadence which ends on the tonic, Do. Likewise, second scene, Sacred Dance of the Chosen, cadence on tonic Re, ending on seventh of Dominant. The beginning of the Prelude, scene II, offers striking example of this pseudo-polytonality, projection of melodic phrases, and harmonic successions in different tonalities, over a stable tonal plane (D-minor).

The polyphony of the *Sacre* is much more developed than that of Petrouchka. It attains a remarkable richness and complexity, especially in preludes of scenes 1 and 2. But beside that, beside contrapuntal episodes where the author seems to be attached, still more than in Petrouchka, to horizontal writing, to a melodic style, we note that the chord acquires here, once again, great importance, and sometimes even complete independence, a value of its own for its own sake which it will never again find in Stravinsky's composition. In this respect, as well as in respect to its orchestration the *Sacre* is much less "new" than Petrouchka, and even marks a sort of retrogression from it, and toward conceptions which the author is later definitively to abandon.

And yet the *Sacre*, at its first appearance revolutionized its auditors; people thought it upset the whole of music. And even to-day it appears as the most audacious, most formidable work by Stravinsky, the one that marks the debut of a new musical era and definitively breaks with the past. But the more often one hears

the *Sacre*, the more one studies its score, the more clearly one perceives the fundamental error of this opinion concerning it. A very comprehensible error, all of us have committed it. What caused it is the power, the really unheard of power and complexity of rhythmic life animating its pages; and added thereto the violence, the splendour of orchestration, and finally the systematic use of harmonic aggregations, and of melodic phrases alien to the fundamental tonality, that is, the pseudo-polytonality of which we have spoken which violently wounded our ears, but made them taste also the bitter, painful delectations.

The *Sacre* remained for a long time technically incomprehended, but vanquished us quickly enough, people protested, but had to admit they were conquered. This prodigious effect came from the fact that we were much less scandalized than we imagined, and that this work, by reason of the spirit animating it and by its very structure, was more closely related to the past than to the future. People very rarely discern the novelty of a work straight away; the really unawaited, really original things pass generally unperceived, it is only long afterward that one notes the freight of novelty they have brought.

The *Sacre*, if one set aside its undeniable aesthetic value, is one of the most characteristic productions of Stravinsky, but it is also the one that has been the most dangerous to him, and everything he has written since 1914 is in profound reaction against it. If Stravinsky's art exists to-day, if this admirable genius is what he now is, if modern music is oriented in the ways wherein we now observe it, it is only because this composer, assuredly not without difficulty, not without terrible efforts, and grievous sacrifices, has renounced the *Sacre*, renounced its pomps and its seductions, for this splendid creation is in a certain respect not a beginning, but an end and a conclusion. Indeed, after the *Sacre* Stravinsky shows a systematic tendency toward exclusively linear, melodic writing, in which the chord is produced by the interlacing of several voices, and, so, has no particular existence of its own, or at most serves only as accompaniment of the melody and as harmonic base, or even, finally, as in *Noës*, is destined to sustain and to underline the rhythm. In the *Sacre*, on the contrary, we note—as with the search for timbres—the cyclopean heapings up of thirds and of fourths which have no reason for being there save the very effect they can produce, an effect rather like that of timbre. One already observes this play of chords in the *Fire Bird*, but in that ballet the

composer does not go beyond aggregations of ninths and 11ths with divers alterations; in the *Sacre* he not only uses chords of the 13th, but he combines different tonalities, giving thereby unanalysable complexes. Why does he then turn off short? Why does he give it up for counterpoint or for accompanied melody, at the same time profoundly modifying his orchestra and subjugating his instrumentation to melodic structure? A parallelism certainly not fortuitous.

One knows, that in the historic sense, the chord was born from the superposition of two or more voices; it is merely a resultant. Afterward when it acquired an independent existence one explained it and justified it theoretically by the natural resonance; this permitted people to codify harmony and to keep track of its development through the course of two hundred years: the perfect chord; the fundamental chord, that of do-mi-sol for example, is only the realization of the natural chord given by the 3rd and 5th harmonics of the fundamental do; the following harmonic without counting the repetitions, is the 7th; thus is justified the use of the diminished 7th; si flat there follow the re and fa sharp. The progression of the harmony, the use of new chords which acquire an existence of their own and which one ends by treating as consonant, demanding no resolution, wd. therefore be due to an analysis of timbre (one knows that it is the predominance of such or such harmonics that gives each timbre its particular characteristics). Indubitably the tempered instruments, of which the piano is type, betray this scale, as for example in the chord, do-mi-sol-si-flat-re-fa-sharp-la which reproduces very grossly the series of natural harmonics of the sound *do* which it is supposed to realize.

The development of chordal writing during the second half of the XIXth century and in the beginning of this one, is an incontestable fact, and this development goes hand in hand with an increasing importance of timbre in romantic music, and in music called "impressionist," a parallelism easily explainable if one consider that these immense chords which take up more and more place are chord-timbres and that the same urge which pushes the composers toward enriching their instrumentation with new and rare timbres, obliges them to pile up the thirds and fourths which render so discernible, so almost tangible, these "superpositions" which any sound apparently simple mysteriously conceals.

Now these complex sonorities, these pillars of notes which form the chords are either determined by the march of melodic voices and

are only aggregates formed momentarily, without value in themselves, born only to be dispersed, or else they originate in a sort of analysis of timbre and try to embody their prototype. Hence these gong sonorities, bell sonorities, mysterious buzzing sonorities which swarm through the opening years of this century and which, cleverly instrumented, produce their almost cataleptic effect on the auditor.

The *Sacre du Printemps* offers numerous examples of such timbres, harmonically realized. If the preludes of sc. 1 and of sc. 2 present aggregates polyphonically constituted, such episodes as the Game of Rival Cities, the Earth-kiss, the Dance of the Chosen, show the chord-timbres which one will find in later work of Stravinsky only sporadically and for the sake of special effects. The large very complex harmonies of *Noces* might seem, at first go, to weaken this statement, but look closely and you see that the chords in *Noces* are the resultants of counterpoint, or else sustain harmonically the choral parts, when they aren't there, simply to give a certain sonorous weight to the percussion. It is only in the last scene of the ballet-cantata that one finds, in passing, certain chords based on the natural resonance, and which I confess have always shocked me a little by their too apparent contrast with their circumambience.

In deliberately renouncing combinations of autonomous timbres, after the *Sacre*, Stravinsky was, naturally, drawn to abandon simultaneously the vertical writing which ruled that epoch and to which he had made in the *Sacre*, ample oblation, although *Petrouschka*, as said, was already headed another way. But to understand his strange zig-zag one must remember that the very subject of the *Sacre*, if one can so call it, pagan Russia, imposed a certain technique and as the composer needed a "magic" orchestra, he needed also to subjugate his hearers, to crush them under the sonorous lumps which worked by their very mass with obstinate, unpitying rhythm. But after that it is melody alone that reigns in the work of Stravinsky, whether it be accompanied monody, as in the airs of *Mavra* and of *Oedipus*, whether it be linear polyphonies as in *Renard*, in the *Octuor* or in *Noces*, whether it be, finally, polyphony of chords and rhythms as in this same *Noces*, or the *Histoire du Soldat*. For one must not be fooled, this procedure of yoking together diverse series of chords, forcing on them a parallel development as in the contrapuntal net-work, replacing single

notes by aggregates more or less complex, this procedure is related to melodic style, is indeed an aggrandizement and enrichment of it, the chords serving in this case to "orchestrate" as you might say the component melodies, and to give them a certain colour.

It is the song, the *Melos*, which becomes the soul of Stravinsky's music, and not only the soul but the body, for all the other elements, timbres, harmony, rhythms, as we shall soon see, obey it and end by being integrated, drawn into it. The real meaning of the revolution accomplished by Stravinsky is revealed not by the *Sacre*, but by the *Three Pieces for Clarinette* (1920) which are both a program and a profession of faith. They passed, naturally, quite unperceived, these three pure monodies in different modes, which unroll, flexible, having recourse to no least effect of recitative, and have nevertheless a great expressive power. It is the image, in short, and as it were the formula of the last works of our composer: he can yoke his melodic lines together in different ways, hang chords upon them, mark the accents of the phrases with heavy battery, but the song is always the essence, solo or chorus, and it determines the expression and the form. It is after *Noces* especially, and the *Histoire du Soldat*, that the "vocal" character comes into Stravinsky's art, and is revealed even in purely instrumental works like the *Symphonies for wind instruments* and the *Octuor*. Song, the melody was at the beginning of music, and the art of sound, one might say, returns to its fount and origin.

One cannot over-insist on this melodic character, for we are certainly inclined to consider Stravinsky as especially a master of rhythm and a genius of harmony. The blame for this rests on the exaggerated significance accorded the *Sacre* in relation to the rest of his work. But apart from the *Sacre* it is only in certain short phrases of *Noces*, in the beginning of the cadenza of the *Piano Concerto*, and in the chords at beginning and end of the *Symphonies* that we are offered samples of purely harmonic creation, in which the musician's thought is modelled unconsciously on the timbres, and takes the natural resonance for guide, unawares, even if it stray for a moment.

The last three works *Serenade* for piano, *Oedipus*, and *Apollo* might seem to weaken this thesis. For although in the *Octuor* and piano *Sonata* he seems out for pure polyphony, according to Bach, the *Serenade* sets, it might seem, a trap for return to Haendel,

which the Oedipus confirms; for do we not there see that he is no longer using a contrapuntal modus which determined the harmony, as Bach does, but one depending on a certain harmonic plan which thus constitutes the basis of the work, and acquires a complete independence, a life of its own?

I shd. answer this in the negative. The type of work in which harmony dominates melody, to the point of absorbing it utterly, is furnished us by Scriabine's 8th Sonata, of which the introduction nevertheless offers an aspect of highly developed polyphony, it has three and even four voices. But all these voices belong to a series of fundamental chords which it merely sets out horizontally. One finds in it hardly any sound foreign to the chord, save a few notes of passage. This same principle comes to light, as I have said, in the Fire Bird, where its use is, however, criss-crossed with chord-timbres, and with independent harmonic complexes which aim at effects of colour. It is evident that the contrapuntal writing in Oedipus, which indeed approaches the style of Haendel, differs totally from this essentially and exclusively harmonic method.

The harmonies of Oedipus fix only the skeleton of the work, they establish the planes whereon the melodies move, but these latter, be it in their airs, be it in their ensembles, preserve nevertheless their independence, and their contrapuntal development is left free. Often they depart very far from the harmonic plane, even to forming combinations with the base which have polytonal aspect. But the cadences intervene and bring everything back into order.

These are the "cadential points" if one may so term them, which fix the harmonic scheme of the work and mark the limits between which the melodies are allowed perfect freedom. Apollo Musagetes is of style more mixed, one notes at the beginning and in concluding pages a writing exclusively harmonic, in that the melodic phrase can be brought back to certain fundamental chords. The violin solo preceding Terpsichore's entrance offers a very rare example of recitatif style in Stravinsky (there is recitatif style, that is even Lisztian in the piano Concerto). But the rest of Apollo is of purely melodic structure, be it accompanied monody, be it polyphonic.

A suivre

A HERO

BY RUTH PITTER

Heroic in all things he is save time:
Which being false, I hold
Myself no traitor to beloved rhyme
To place him in the age of gold:
Clasping him fast, I will run back, and bring
Him to the arms of warriors of old:
And the dead poets shall smile, being too wise to sing.

The age conceals him from your eyes:
Is he not strong? has he no wounds?
Must the brass clang and the plume rise
And stallions roar with splendid sounds,
Music of blood, music of death
Smite on the heart, command the breath:
Must banners beat on the bluff wind
Ere he be laureled in your mind?
Ay, and the blind still lead the blind.

Time was they would have sung him well;
The coursers and the chariots sheen,
What were they to the cars of hell,
The flying legions he has seen,
Fiendlike that fought in middle air?
The burrowing ghosts that worked in earth,
The darting death that clove the sea?
Time was they would have held him worth
Song, and his immortality.

I saw a vision in the sky at night,
That most did seem
Like Arthur and his peers in might
Fighting between the mere and the salt stream,

Pale, haggard, racked and spent,
Reeling and thrusting in a tortured dream;
Anon the thinning cloud down heaven was sent,
And like the Grael the naked moon did gleam.

Was it a thing to come, or the sad past?
We see, but still we may not rede;
Shall I bid him beware a stronger blast
Of the red tempest, or upon the mead
Pitch his pavilion in the morning sun,
Do off his harness, tell his deeds,
Hark to the birds that jargon every one
Or list the whispering of the lissom reeds?
Dear would I love to sing him peace begun;
But in the sky I see, nor can forget
The scarlet streaming like a warrior's weeds,
The smoke of tumults that shall whelm him yet.



Photograph by Druet

COUREUR CYCLISTE. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

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WHITES WRITING UP THE BLACKS

BY ALBERT HALPER

SOMETHING ought to be said about this. We mean the negro stories, the mammy tales, the old faithful Black Joe yarns and all that. Even magazines of class are going negro-literature mad. The more mystical, voodooish, and brooding the tone, the faster the story is snapped up. Editors and other folk seem to believe that out of the negro will come the great American Novel, the epic Poem of America, or the perfect painting based on solids.

So far, this country has not produced one negro capable of presenting a sincere picture of himself or his people. The Harlem stories, of course, are out of the race. White writers, scribbling about their black brothers, have come into possession of a few tricks of dialogue, romantic description of settings, and all that. To describe shadows flitting upon old water-soaked wharves, brown fingers strumming banjos, young dark-skinned girls in flaming dress, is not enough. The new movie camera, photographing in colours, can do the same. And the vitaphone can record the softened r's and the drawn-out vowels.

To date, an alarming number of white women have become rather expert in the concocting of negro stories. Some have taken the trouble to go South for atmosphere. They return filled with new emotions; and lo, another story is sold, hailed and nominated for a best short story prize—of the month, year, et cetera. It is fascinating to travel South, study the negro, and feel enthusiasm grow. This becomes a tale on paper, and it is not so very difficult to place a well written negro yarn.

The year has been a big one for collections of short stories, anthologies, and prize-winning stories. How many of these stories deal with the American negro? A great many. How many are sincere pieces of work? How many are written by negro writers?

One has no doubt that in the negro there is a song, a deep resonant song, but as yet only half-uttered. It will be years before he is able

A LOVE SONG

to guide his fingers, to set down on paper the notes that make his song. A white man, a spectator, catches the rhythm, but cannot set the song down, for the song of the negro is one of the most elusive of melodies.

If the song of the Jews—an ancient people—has not been accurately rendered in literature, how can we hope in a short time to catch the song of the negro? It is one thing to listen to a tune; another to describe it.

Go South; return burdened with notes; flood the magazines. Readers in Iowa or Montana will not know the difference. Plenty of people up North will swallow it whole. Down South, too.

A LOVE SONG

BY WITTER BYNNER

Sky-changes come and go
And the breathlessness
Goes with them; a friend's
Death is too difficult to know;
A bird's flight ends.
But you are here no less.
You are all these things
That shift and dart,
Breaking the heart
With life stranger than death.
You catch my breath
Away from me, you make the air
Almost too sweet to bear
With sky-change and wings.



VISION OF ETHIOPIA. BY J. L. WELLS

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HIS FRIEND THE PIG

BY WILSON McCARTY

THEY were in Dvinsk now, the great city that Ivan had heard about and dreamed about almost all of his eight years. And it was indeed great.

There were six whole streets of shops—not just half a one as in Drisa—with an oil lamp over each door: *Konditor . . . Restauratsija . . . Papirosi*—and another lamp in the window to show the bottles, the condiments, the cigarettes, mingled with frantic postcards of Napoleon and Soldiers Breaking Furniture in Moscow: low buildings of timber as light and inflammable as the people they housed. But first there was a railway station where a fierce, little old engine with a bell-shaped smokestack stood panting so that everyone would look at it; and a man said it came from America. It had very wide red coaches with chairs like a front parlour and drab cars with wooden benches the backs of which folded up at night (the man said) so there would be twice as many bunks to sleep on. And there was considerable discussion about whether it was seven or seven and a half hours late, because if it was seven and a half hours late it was the latest it had been since *Novy Sviat*.

Then the people would get suddenly tired in the middle of a new argument and wander into the growing darkness. Ivan and his father followed them, jostling along and becoming part of that crowd of people which always appears so miraculously on the streets at dusk, moving with a peculiar intensity of aimlessness; with some of them in moth-eaten clothes and moth-eaten beards, scurrying along in search of a place to set up a banking business for a few minutes—for banking, the *Bourse Noire* or gambling on the money exchange was a serious business in these garrison towns as well as a serious offence; and Ivan noticed that others of them seemed to follow his father, murmuring quaint native praises, then curses, as he refused to sell the suit from his back, but always in the same gentle, persistent voice; while still others walked serenely, as if to church, for now the golden domes and brick spires rang vesper chimes, and against their melody came shots that were the

cracks of the whips of the *droshkies* driving their fares from market.

The market was wonderful—even though there were no fleas (and his father did say it was the Flea Market). Lines and lines of sheds where from one table you could buy a few flowers, a boot, safety-pins that would still be safe if you bent them back a little, bread of a hundred shapes, part of a beautiful red handkerchief . . . while farther on, another table offered a boot that might with a little modesty match the first, some gramophone records (and surely one did not ask for the phonograph too with such a wonderful curio!), patched quilts that would look well when further patched with the beautiful red handkerchief, and skinned goats hanging by their legs, and medals from Morocco and there: a crate full of baby pigs!

Ivan stopped short.

Never before had he seen anything so young and so pink. He bent close over them to see if he could understand what they were saying so frantically, but they became only the more frightened and huddled closer together.

"*Pajalouista!*" Ivan called to his father. "Please! Please, Father, will it not please thee to buy these little pigs?"

The elder Menshikov glanced at the crate, took Ivan's hand, and strode on to other sheds.

Ivan looked back; there was no use arguing; he brushed away the tears from his cheeks, but said nothing for almost twenty minutes.

And now here was something even more exciting than pigs: Music! The biggest café in Dvinsk, with dozens of tables and the drone of voices, laughter, loud orders, coins clinking on the marble tops; and above all the orchestra tying everything together with long strings of melody.

Ivan and his father pushed their way through the crowd to the bar where they met friends with whom his father drank, leaving Ivan to look about the room. There was too much noise to see very clearly, but Ivan had the impression of huge men bearing down upon him with recurrent sentences about floating the logs down the river. They had yellow beards and blue eyes and Ivan liked them because when they smiled they looked like little boys; and the stories they told of coming from the Volga to the Duna and all the way to Riga without changing houses were tales that he wanted to live too; they had their houses on the log rafts: huts made of wood and brush and mud; and occasionally a raft caught

fire so that they had to jump pretty quickly to save any of the logs at all. . . .

Then they played a game which his father joined and the orchestra started up again. There were two violins and a 'cello and as Ivan watched them his gaze rested particularly on the second violinist, who was sitting down. He seemed to be looking far away; and Ivan got the same impression he had got from the raftsmen when they talked: as if he were watching some point in the distance and talking (or playing the violin) were a sort of means of getting to that horizon. Then the music stopped and the violinist looked towards Ivan, so he lifted his kaftan high from his head to show they were friends and the violinist smiled broadly and beckoned to him.

Ivan was frightened, but the violinist signalled to him again so he pretended to be looking for his father but all the time moved nearer the orchestra.

"Would you like to play?" the violinist called quietly to him.

Ivan smiled timidly. "I don't know how," he said. "But I live in Drisa."

"There are wolves in Drisa," the musician said. "Do you know what they say?" And when Ivan did not answer he drew his bow very painfully over his A-string at the same time saying, "'Ow-oooh' says the wolf!" He peered down at Ivan and tickled him with the end of the bow: "And 'Wheeeh!' says the little boy!"

Ivan laughed soberly.

"Also I have a sister in Drisa," the musician answered. "Her name is Mela Pavlawskova. And my name is Karel. And your name is Wheeeh!" he added with a sudden poke of the bow.

"My name is Ivan. Will you come to Drisa?"

"Soon, Ivan, when Mela is to be married. I shall—"

But voices broke into Ivan's attention, rising angrily between one of the raftsmen and, apparently, Ivan's father. It was about money, and even more exciting than music. The raftsmen had ordered the drinks and now he had no money to pay. Very well, he would leave his coat until he came back from Riga next week. No? Then wait. He shouldered through the people to the door, went out, left them all gaping and laughing after him. Then he returned, holding a crate in both hands above his head so that everyone stared up to see what was in it.

"Very well," he said loudly to Ivan's father and dropped the crate on the bar. "Take your choice. I am in your debt nine *lat.* I give you one little pig. So. He is worth now four *lat.* By fall he will be worth fifty. It is not to be said that Feodor Petrovitch does not pay his debts!"

And before all the staring people could answer he had slipped a squirming pink ball from the box and drunk down another vodka and pounded the bar twice and stamped out of the café saying, "Umph! I, Feodor Petrovitch! Umph!"

II

All the way back in the train Ivan held on his lap the sack in which his pig still faintly struggled. But when they reached Drisa his father would not let the pig in the house, because his mother had the fever. What fever he did not say; but with the fever you couldn't tell. It might last a long time; and she must not think they had been up to such foolishness as buying pigs in Dvinsk, or gambling (though he did not add that) with the money he had gone to borrow for the doctor.

So that night the pig slept in the stall with the horse and the next morning, at the command of his father, Ivan built a pen by the shed. He was afraid about this, for at night the baying of the wolves threatened to leap the protecting hedge about the place and find the pig. Then Ivan thought of the musician at the café and laughed; and bending over the pig, poked its side and said "Wheeeh!" But he made from some old wire and boards a lattice piece which he fitted over the coop at night as a sort of trellis.

Then he went to help his father in the fields.

He found him bending listlessly over some new potatoes, singing a rather obscene ballad. He was a nice man, Ivan thought, when he sang in his deep voice. Tall and broad with huge brown eyes and careless brown hair, Ivan would look like him some day; though Ivan would have his mother's gentleness and belief in God. Also he would own a violin instead of a farm. It was not much of a farm: a few hectares of barren fields, woodlands, plains that were fit for nothing but the random crops that wolves might find. And this was strange, Ivan reasoned, because in his history books (with history that began only eight years before!) all this land was free and prosperous. But his father said they could not tell when they

might belong again to Russia, to Poland, or to Germany; and they had better enjoy life while it lasted, letting their seven hundred years' drudgery rest a bit until a new lord came over them. The Letts, he would add, were a proud people. And then he would lie down and go to sleep in the fields.

To Ivan all this had a simpler, more direct meaning: there was little to eat: cheese, curds, smoked herring. There were no new books of pictures but there were more prayers and vodka; and there was not much food for the pig.

In fact the pig seemed to make Father Menshikov work less if anything. He said they would have fine hams and bacon in the fall when the pig grew fat enough. But Ivan did not suspect what this meant.

So when Ivan could not bring gifts to his pet, at least he made up for it by attentions. The pig knew him from the start and as the days followed they became fast friends. With his mother down with the "fever" and his father "working" in the fields, he found more time to be with his new friend. He did not care for the few children in Drisa: they always wanted to fight or to run races or throw ball; and when Ivan fled from them, crying, there was no one to run to but his friend the pig. There was something quite comforting about standing by the sty, listening to the grunts of the pig, giving it husks of corn, apples, or whatever he could find. And if the pig did not grow fat very quickly on this fare, it grew happy and confident in the ways of man. It grew to know his step as he approached the sty; it would look up and grunt throatily until Ivan dropped an apple; then Ivan would jump into the sty much to the pig's dismay, which Ivan mistook for playfulness and he would rub its back until it stood still for more. When the pig was in such a mood Ivan would confess more of his troubles than usual; and it would seem to answer with winks. Once it rolled over on Ivan's foot and lay quietly while he rubbed the underside of its chin; and thereafter Ivan sought this complete relaxation on the part of the pig as the criterion of their mutual confidence. But usually the pig would scamper about the yard as if Ivan were a wolf.

Yet Ivan had not illusions about his friend: he knew it would never say "Hello, Ivan" in the morning as he said "Hello, pig." He knew it did not share his ambition for a pair of boots all its own: in fact all of his clothes were most unbecoming to it and pro-

duced a melancholia that made it suspicious of every move for weeks. And he discovered that the pig would never be a full companion, for he had to lead it in all of their games. Nor did it respond to utilitarian suggestions, as Ivan learned one day when he harnessed it to the shafts of a barrow, sat himself in it, and cracked his whip like the *droshkies* at Dvinsk; for the pig did not like the *troika*; but kicked out of it and tried to bite Ivan in the leg when he came to soothe it, then limped away, looking very defiant and very furious.

Still there was something pleasing about the pig: a certain delicacy in its tiny ankles and the way it placed its feet; the abandon of an artist in the way it stretched out on a mound of fertilizer and gazed off at the clouds. Such poise must have come from living in a big city like Dvinsk, for no one on the farm even noticed these things. Ivan wished someone did; because he did. His mother, of course, was gentle. Ivan had always thought her the softest, loveliest being imaginable; or rather accepted her as being all beauty and all women. But now she was ill; and besides, the pig gave him a sense of equality to which his mother could not respond. Ivan loved his mother—terribly; as much, he used to tell her, as the church steeple to a pin! But when his father lashed the horse and when the boys said his locks were as long as a girl's; when he looked at the postcard reproductions of the masters at the *Konditor* and when they played soft music in church at *Novy Sviat*—then his mother's arms made him feel too much like a little boy. His tears were for something else then; something in the pit of his stomach that made him hungry and want to protect—not be protected; something that made him hold up his chin as high as Heaven because some day he would get There. Then it was the pig that understood and comforted him. Standing by the sty, letting drop bits of apple, he built a great house with music like the *café* at Dvinsk and with all those people . . . but they wore the beautiful clothes that his Russian history book depicted. He was playing the violin to them; and the musician, Karel, who had said "Wheeeh!" to him touched his arm and he knew he had power. . . .

Ivan looked: the door of the house was opening and Ivan's father, square and grimy and smoking as the cabin, came towards him.

"The night falls, Ivan; to the house and guard thy mother, for this evening I carry my blessings to Mela Pavlanskova. It is the day of her marriage." He frowned, looking as pious and unconcerned as possible over the feast he had been waiting for so long; then gazed up at the deepening skies. "Ah yes, winter is early this year. I think to-morrow, Ivan, we shall kill the pig."

III

Ivan stood by the window a moment to see how near dawn had come. As far as his eyes carried him the sky fell closer and closer to the plain until it lay in layers upon the trees that marked the road to Dvinsk.

Five versts, perhaps; ten or twenty. Ivan did not know. And probably the pig did not know either, though he had come from the big city. As a matter of fact the pig probably did not even know that this was the day of the killing and that Ivan had lain awake all night in order to save him and run away with him to the end of the world, or whatever was beyond those trees.

But in a little while they would be walking down that road to the trees and beyond. . . . It was the only thing to do. All night Ivan had thought and cried and thought; and there was nothing to do but run away. He would go to Dvinsk; he would go to the big café and find the musician; and would ask him the way to whatever was beyond Dvinsk. It would be rather thrilling to see him again; and for a second the thought of it made him forget the fear which kept tapping from the back of his mind.

It was strange that he had never thought of losing the pig. But on the other hand he had never imagined the pig in actual life, finally grown up. He had just taken their life together for granted from that first day in Dvinsk when the pig had been like a wee baby. And all summer they had been playmates, discovering realities which never occurred to them as being real—real at least so far as they were concerned. Of course all sorts of things happened in life: death, separation, starvation. . . . Ivan knew they were there: Father Paltovny had died last winter; there had been a fire at the Utzall's and everybody had given a little food so they would not starve; men left Drisa for the big cities and never came back. . . . But those things never happened to Ivan.

And now they had.

There so quietly and casually that it was like picking a flower, his father had said, "To-morrow we shall kill the pig."

So. That was what his father meant when he said they would have more to eat this winter when the pig grew fat. That was why they had kept him these months, fed him, cared for him, built him a house, and put their lives in it with him. So. The pig was not a playmate for Ivan; but food they were waiting to eat.

Ivan turned: his father, sleeping in all his clothes as he had come in from the Pavlawskova feast, probably very drunk, sighed and kicked a foot. With bated breath Ivan counted the seconds, but his father did not wake. Then he began collecting his few belongings, placing them on a blanket which he was going to roll up and carry with him. To his *bibelots* he added four herring, a can of "bully beef" and, with great pride for there was no other reason, a bottle of vodka. On the threshold of his mother's room he hesitated from habit, wondering whether he should kiss her good-bye. It made him very sad to leave her; a faint nausea seized him. But he would get the violinist at the *café* to write her a letter and later he would come back for her with three horses to his *troika*.

He unbolted the front door, opened it a crack, then wider, slipped out, and pulled it softly behind him.

Ivan breathed in the crisp dawning air as he crossed the yard to the shed. It was easier now that he had definitely got out of the house; the hardest part was taking the actual step. A faint coil of smoke rose from the chimney, and looking over the plain he saw smoke curling up from the other houses of Drisa. True, winter was coming early when the fires had been kept in all night this way. Near one house Ivan saw a figure move on the road. He must hurry lest people discover him with the pig.

At his step the pig, lying in utter collapse on its side, blinked an eye. "Hello, pig," Ivan said very soberly.

Then he untied the ropes that held down the lattice cover of the pen and without a word jumped into the sty. As the pig rose, a trifle alarmed, he drew an apple from his pocket: a fine fresh one that he had stolen as a special parting gift; but the pig only sniffed of it and walked away. So Ivan cut some of the rope and tied it round the pig's neck as a halter, for it was now too heavy to carry. Then he lifted the sluice gate and crawling through pulled on the rope. The pig did not move.

"Come, pig. We are going to Dvinsk."

Ivan pulled harder; and the pig sprang forward with a hoarse shriek and dashed about the pen. Then suddenly it flew out of the gate, bowling Ivan over; but oddly enough Ivan did not lose hold of the rope, yet rather rolled or was rolled after the pig towards the hedge that encircled the Menshikov farm. One fear caught Ivan: that they would be heard; so he sat upright on the ground, very still, hoping that the pig would be less frightened if he did not talk.

And then there broke across the quiet morning a long peal of laughter. Horrified, Ivan sprang to his feet and turning about saw standing in the road in front of them a man, swaying from side to side with laughter and now sitting down in the middle of the road to laugh the harder; and every time he shook, his cap fell lower over his nose so that Ivan could not fully see him.

"Oh! Oh, my little *doushka*!" the man called; "it is a pig you have there—not a dog!"

Ivan took a step forward, letting the rope fall slack.

"What—what are you doing there?" he asked very frightened.

"You don't know me," the man answered; "but I know you. I'm Karel and you won a pig!"

"I know!" Ivan cried, "you're the violinist in the café at Dvinsk! I couldn't see you before!"

Then the man climbed unsteadily over the shrub fence and stooped down to look at the pig.

"Why, we were coming to see you!" Ivan exclaimed. "I thought you were in Dvinsk!"

"I remember you well," the man replied, but addressed the pig. "Feodor Petrovitch gave you to Vladimir Menshikov for debt money. But you did not know that. And you—" he looked up quickly at Ivan—"did you know that?"

"No," Ivan replied; "but we were coming to see you this very day. You see—"

"You think it strange that I am here," Karel interrupted. "Well—" he lowered his voice in secrecy—"so do I!" Then he shivered and so drew from his coat a bottle and drank. "It is not strange that I was here yesterday, little Menshikov; and what is your name?"

"I'm Ivan. You're Karel," Ivan answered simply. "This is my pig."

"It is not strange, Ivan," the musician went on, "that I was here yesterday, because yesterday my sister was married. Yesterday my sister was little Mela Pavlawskova for the last time; so I came for the great feast." He paused. "Your father was there, Ivan. And so was I. But it is strange that I should be here to-day. I mean, *here*." He carefully drew a circle in the ground with one foot. "I have been walking on this road all night. Indeed I must be very, very drunk." Then he brought out the bottle again and offered it first to Ivan but at once to himself. "Will you have a drink, little boy?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you smoke?" Karel fumbled in his coat.

"No, thank you," Ivan answered, still frightened.

"What! You do not smoke! You do not drink!" Karel paused in awe. "Then you will own a house one day!"

Ivan looked at his feet.

"I'd rather own a pig," he said. And when Karel only glanced at the animal, Ivan added, "We were coming to see you to-day because they were going to kill the pig."

"What! Kill this pig!" Karel tried to place an affectionate foot on its back. "This lovely pig that I have known since it was a baby at Dvinsk!"

Ivan felt a sudden emotion coming up in his throat. "Then you will go with us?"

Karel studied the pig in silence.

"But we must go quickly," Ivan urged. "See the light is coming. We must go quickly or we shall be caught."

He reached for the rope and pulled the pig towards him. Then Karel stooped down and picking up the animal in both arms amid its struggles and squeals carried it to the shed, saw the pen, dropped it in, and jammed down the gate. Ivan following him stood in complete surprise.

"You could not run far enough," Karel said very firmly and quietly, looking down at Ivan with sudden soberness. "I see. You have made a pet of this pig. You have loved him as—as you loved the music in the café." Ivan stared. "I know. I knew that day you raised your hat to me—for I am an artist, Ivan, and think upon these things." He looked suddenly embarrassed. "But one cannot run far enough."

Then he turned to the pig

"See what a happy fellow he is, this pig!" Karel laughed. "See how his tail curls up and twinkles with his eye!"

"I could go to Dvinsk," Ivan said. "That is where we were going." He blushed. "I was going to find you there because I knew you could tell me what lay beyond Dvinsk, so I could go there too."

"I see," Karel answered. "No, Ivan. I know Dvinsk; I know Riga and Warsaw and Berlin. But beyond that—who knows?"

"I don't know," Ivan answered; then added hopefully, "But beyond that who cares?"

"That is the point. Who cares?" Karel looked at the house, past it across the plain and the trees. "But one has to care," he answered vaguely. "There are *things* one has to care for, Ivan. Oh, you do not think I understand, my *doushka*! I see. But once, Ivan, I thought I could run away—with"—his voice hushed—"the most lovely girl in the world!"

"But there's just the pig!" Ivan argued.

"But we could not run far enough. We ran from Riga, to Warsaw, to Berlin; we could have run on, I suppose—" he looked away; "but there were *things* that got in our way. We were taking something that belonged to other people; we were trying to run away from the system of life. . . . And that—" He looked up. "Here, Ivan; it is light now. You must not run away." He spoke quickly. "You cannot run far enough. You must stay here, with the pig—"

"But you don't understand!" Ivan cried; "they're going to kill—"

A door slammed and around the corner of the house came Ivan's father.

"Ah! Brother Menshikov!" Karel sprang forward, touching Ivan on the head as he brushed by. "I come to congratulate you after the wedding of my sister. Your speech is long to be remembered!" He held out his hand. "And how is it you are up and working so hard on a day like this?"

Ivan's father came forward, laughing and calling out greeting in that deep voice he used to sing in the fields. They had drunk together the evening before, at a wedding feast, so now they were friends. How funny. Ivan stood by the sty, looking down at the pig, an empty feeling creeping up in the pit of his stomach, a blank in his mind. . . .

"A supper for the gods!" cried Ivan's father. "And when they come back to their new home it shall be Vladimir Menshikov who shall give them for their first Christmas dinner the finest ham in the land! To-day, Karel Pavlawskovitch, I myself shall kill this pig in her honour. . . !"

When Ivan's mother died a week later, the neighbours came to the house with drooping eyes; the priest held Ivan's shoulder; and when they left, his father roared at him, "What will the good people think that thou hast no tears for thy dead mother!" And then he lashed him over the back with the whip from the *troika*. But still he could not cry.

Ivan had grown up.

RAIN ON THE RAILROAD YARDS

BY EDWARD SAPIR

Rain through the grime is sweeter rain
With a persistent fall,
With rush, spatter, and brush of smoke,
Than any I recall

Of clear drops dropping on green lawn
In such translucency
As through an air of sun may you
On a day of summer see;

For perfect beauty may not ease
So certainly as plain
Cooling simples cast by God
Upon a common pain.

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THE AMAZON. BY LOVIS CORINTH

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ON CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT SCEPTICS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ANY person who has had much contact with free-thinking people of different countries and diverse antecedents must have been struck by the remarkable difference between those of Catholic and Protestant origin, however much they may imagine that they have thrown off the theology that they were taught in youth. The difference between Protestant and Catholic is just as marked among free-thinkers as it is among believers; indeed the essential differences are perhaps easier to discover, since they are not hidden behind the ostensible divergencies of dogma. There is of course a difficulty, which is that most of the Protestant atheists are English or German, while most of the Catholic ones are French. And those Englishmen who, like Gibbon, have been brought into intimate contact with French thought acquire the characteristics of Catholic free-thinkers in spite of their Protestant origin. Nevertheless the broad difference remains, and it may be entertaining to endeavour to find out in what it consists.

One may take as a completely typical Protestant free-thinker, James Mill, as he appears in his son's autobiography. "My father," says John Stuart Mill, "educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism, had by his own studies and reflections been early led to reject not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion." "My father's rejection of all that is called religious belief, was not, as many might suppose, primarily a matter of logic and evidence: the grounds of it were moral, still more than intellectual. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. . . . His aversion to religion in the sense usually attached to the term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius: he regarded it with the feelings due not to mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil." "It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty, to allow me to acquire impressions

contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion; and he impressed on me from the first, that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known." Nevertheless there was no doubt that James Mill remained a Protestant. "He taught me to have the strongest interest in the Reformation, as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought."

In all this James Mill was only carrying out the spirit of John Knox. He was a non-conformist, though of an extreme sect, and retained the moral earnestness and the interest in theology which distinguished his forerunners. Protestants from the first have been distinguished from their opponents by what they do not believe; to throw over one more dogma is therefore merely to carry the movement one stage further. Moral fervour is the essence of the matter.

This is only one of the distinctive differences between Protestant and Catholic morality. To the Protestant, the exceptionally good man is one who opposes the authorities and the received doctrines, like Luther at the Diet of Worms. The Protestant conception of goodness is of something individual and isolated. I was myself educated as a Protestant, and one of the texts most impressed upon my youthful mind was: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." I am conscious that to this day this text influences me in my most serious actions. The Catholic has a quite different conception of virtue; to him there is in all virtue an element of submission, not only to the voice of God as revealed in conscience, but also to the authority of the Church as the repository of Revelation. This gives to the Catholic a conception of virtue far more social than that of the Protestant, and makes the wrench much greater when he severs his connexion with the Church. The Protestant who leaves the particular Protestant sect in which he has been brought up is only doing what the founders of that sect did not so very long ago, and his mentality is adapted to the foundation of a new sect. The Catholic on the other hand feels himself lost without the support of the Church. He can of course join some other institution such as the free-masons, but he remains conscious none the less of desperate revolt. And he generally remains convinced, at any rate in his unconscious, that the moral

life is confined to members of the Church, so that for the free-thinker the highest kinds of virtue have become impossible. This conviction takes him in different ways according to his temperament. If he is of a cheerful and easy-going disposition he enjoys what William James calls a moral holiday. The most perfect example of this type is Montaigne, who allowed himself also an intellectual holiday in the shape of hostility to systems and deductions. Moderns do not always realize to what an extent the Renaissance was an anti-intellectual movement. In the Middle Ages it was the custom to prove things; the Renaissance invented the habit of observing them. The only syllogisms to which Montaigne is friendly are those which prove a particular negative, as, for example, when he brings his erudition to bear in order to demonstrate that not all those who died as Arius died were heretics. After enumerating various bad men who have died in this or the like manner he proceeds: "But what! Irenaeus is found to be in like fortune: God's intent being to teach us that the good have something else to hope for, and the wicked something else to fear, than the good or bad fortune of this world." Something of this dislike of system has remained characteristic of the Catholic as opposed to the Protestant free-thinker; the reason being again that the system of Catholic theology is so imposing as not to permit an individual (unless he possesses heroic force) to set up another in competition with it.

The Catholic free-thinker accordingly tends to eschew solemnity both moral and intellectual, whereas the Protestant free-thinker is very prone to both. James Mill taught his son "that the question, 'Who made me?' could not be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it; and that any answer only throws the difficulty a step further back, since the question immediately presents itself, 'Who made God?'" Compare with this what Voltaire has to say about God in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. The article *Dieu* in that work begins as follows: "Sous l'empire d'Arcadius, Logomachos, théologal de Constantinople, alla en Scythie, et s'arrêta au pied du Caucase, dans les fertiles plaines de Zéphirim, sur les frontières de la Colchide. Le bon vieillard Dondindac était dans sa grande salle basse, entre sa grande bergerie et sa vaste grange; il était à genoux

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avec sa femme, ses cinq fils et ses cinq filles, ses parens et ses valets, et tous chantaient les louanges de Dieu après un léger repas." The article proceeds in the same vein and winds up with the conclusion: "*Depuis ce temps-là, j'ai résolu de ne jamais disputer.*" One cannot imagine a time when James Mill would have resolved to argue no longer, nor a subject, even had it been less sublime, which he would have illustrated by a fable. Nor could he have practised the art of skilful irrelevance, as Voltaire does when he says of Leibniz: "*Il affirma dans le nord de l'Allemagne que Dieu ne pouvait faire qu'un seul monde.*" Or compare the moral fervour with which James Mill asserted the existence of evil with the following passage in which Voltaire says the same thing: "*Nier qu'il y ait du mal, cela peut être dit en riant par un Lucullus qui se porte bien, et qui fait un bon dîner avec ses amis et sa maîtresse dans le salon d'Apollon; mais, qu'il mette la tête à la fenêtre, il verra des malheureux; qu'il ait la fièvre, il le sera lui-même.*"

Montaigne and Voltaire are the supreme examples of cheerful sceptics. Many Catholic free-thinkers, however, have been far from cheerful, and have always felt the need of a rigid faith and a directing Church. Such men sometimes become communists; of this Lenin was the supreme example. Lenin took over his faith from a Protestant free-thinker (for Jews and Protestants are mentally indistinguishable) but his Byzantine antecedents compelled him to create a Church as the visible embodiment of the faith. A less successful example of the same attempt is Auguste Comte. Men with this temperament, unless they have abnormal force, relapse sooner or later into the bosom of the Church. In the realm of philosophy a very interesting example is Mr Santayana, who has always loved orthodoxy in itself, but hankered after some intellectually less abhorrent form than that provided by the Catholic Church. He liked always in Catholicism the institution of the Church and its political influence; he liked, speaking broadly, what the Church has taken over from Greece and from Rome, but he did not like what the Church has taken over from the Jews, including of course whatever it owes to its Founder. He could have wished that Lucretius had succeeded in founding a Church based upon the tenets of Democritus, for materialism has always appealed to his intellect, and, at any rate in his earlier works, he

came nearer to worshipping matter than to awarding this distinction to anything else. But in the long run he seems to have come to feel that any Church which actually exists is to be preferred to a Church confined to the realm of essence. Mr Santayana, however, is a very exceptional phenomenon, and hardly fits into any of our modern categories. He is really pre-Renaissance, and belongs if anything with the Ghibellines whom Dante found suffering in Hell for their adherence to the doctrines of Epicurus. This outlook is no doubt re-enforced by the nostalgia for the past which an unwilling and prolonged contact with America was bound to produce in a Spanish temperament.

Everybody knows how George Eliot taught F. W. H. Myers that there is no God, and yet we must be good. George Eliot in this typified the Protestant free-thinker. One may say, broadly speaking, that Protestants like to be good and have invented God in order to keep themselves so, whereas Catholics like to be bad and have invented God in order to keep their neighbours good. Hence the social character of Catholicism and the individual character of Protestantism. Jeremy Bentham, a typical Protestant free-thinker, considered that the greatest of all pleasures is the pleasure of self-approbation. He was therefore not tempted to eat or drink to excess, to be guilty of loose living, or to steal his neighbour's purse, for none of these would have given him that exquisite thrill that he shared with Jack Horner, but not on such easy terms, since he had to forgo the Christmas pie in order to get it. In France, on the other hand, it was ascetic morality that first broke down; theological doubt came later and as a consequence. This distinction is probably national rather than one of creeds.

The connexion between religion and morals is one which deserves impartial geographical study. I remember in Japan coming across a Buddhist sect in which the priesthood was hereditary. I enquired how this could be, since in general Buddhist priests are celibate; nobody could inform me, but I at last ascertained the facts in a book. It appeared that the sect had started from the doctrine of justification by faith, and had deduced that so long as the faith remained pure, sin did not matter; consequently the priesthood all decided to sin, but the only sin which tempted them

was marriage. From that day to our own the priests of this sect have married, but have otherwise lived blameless lives. Perhaps if Americans could be made to believe that marriage is a sin they would no longer feel the need for divorce. Perhaps it is of the essence of a wise social system to label a number of harmless actions "Sin," but tolerate those who perform them. In this way the pleasure of wickedness can be obtained without harm to any one. This point has been forced upon me in dealing with children. Every child wishes at times to be naughty, and if he has been taught rationally, he can only gratify the impulse to naughtiness by some really harmful action, whereas if he has been taught that it is wicked to play cards on Sunday, or, alternatively, to eat meat on Friday, he can gratify the impulse to sin without injuring any one. I do not say that I act upon this principle in practice; nevertheless the case of the Buddhist sect which I spoke of just now suggests that it might be wise to do so.

It would not do to insist too rigidly upon the distinction that we have been trying to make between Protestant and Catholic free-thinkers; for example, the *Encyclopédistes* and *Philosophes* of the late eighteenth century were Protestant types, and Samuel Butler I should regard, though with some hesitation, as a Catholic type. The chief distinction that one notices is that in the Protestant type departure from tradition is primarily intellectual, whereas in the Catholic type it is primarily practical. The typical Protestant free-thinker has not the slightest desire to do anything of which his neighbours disapprove, apart from the advocacy of heretical opinions. *Home Life with Herbert Spencer*, by Two (one of the most delightful books in existence), mentions the common opinion of that philosopher to the effect that "There is nothing to be said for him but that he has a good moral character." It would not have occurred to Herbert Spencer, to Bentham, to the Mills, or to any of the other British free-thinkers who maintained in their works that pleasure is the end of life—it would not have occurred, I say, to any of these men to seek pleasure themselves, whereas a Catholic who arrived at the same conclusions would have set to work to live in accordance with them. It must be said that in this respect the world is changing. The Protestant free-thinker of the present day is apt to take liberties in action

as well as in thought, but that is only a symptom of the general decay of Protestantism. In the good old days a Protestant free-thinker would have been capable of deciding in the abstract in favour of free love, and nevertheless living all his days a life of strict celibacy. I think the change is regrettable. Great ages and great individuals have arisen from the breakdown of a rigid system: the rigid system has given the necessary discipline and coherence, while its breakdown has released the necessary energy. It is a mistake to suppose that the admirable consequences achieved in the first moment of breakdown can continue indefinitely. No doubt the ideal is a certain rigidity of action plus a certain plasticity of thought, but this is difficult to achieve in practice except during brief transitional periods. And it seems likely that if the old orthodoxies decay new rigid creeds will grow up through the necessities of conflict. There will come to be Bolshevik atheists in Russia who will throw doubt upon the divinity of Lenin, and infer that it is not wicked to love one's children. There will be Kuomintang atheists in China who will have reservations about Sun Yat-Sen, and scarcely avowed respect for Confucius. I fear the decay of liberalism will make it increasingly difficult for men to refrain from adherence to some fighting creed. Probably the various kinds of atheists will have to combine in a secret society and revert to the methods invented by Bayle in his dictionary. There is at any rate this consolation, that persecution of opinion has an admirable effect upon literary style.

BLACK ROSES

BY ELIN PELIN

Translated From the Bulgarian by Stoyan Christowe

THE EAGLE PLUME

I was a boy. Running through the meadows I found an eagle plume. I held it high in my hand and ran with all my might through the meadows. It seemed to me that I was flying with the lightness of the eagle.

I grew into a youth. I decorated my hat with the eagle plume and fell in love with a girl the most beautiful in the world. Who was happier than I?

I was poor, I had nothing but the eagle plume, and my beloved was false; they told her one could not live well in this world with only an eagle plume, and comprehending this easily, she left me.

None was more miserable than I.

I hid the plume. My heart would not let me wear it. In my soul there settled grief impossible to dispel. From that moment I began to realize how all suffered as I—more than I.

I took out the eagle plume again. But neither a boy to play with it nor a youth to decorate myself with it, I sharpened it thin and made a pen of it.

I wished to write something joyous, but when I had written it, it was sad.

USELESS FOUNTAIN

As I wandered in the shadowy depths of a beech forest, where there was no path or sign of human foot-fall, I discovered in the most concealed spot a beautiful fountain.

It was of sculptured stone. From the beak of a copper cock the water descended in a graceful curve, filling the stone trough and gurgling noisily. On a little shelf stood a wooden goblet.

Who made this fountain with such care? And for whom was it made, here where no man would ever pass?

Surely, a lover of nature, a friend of the wood-nymphs, of loneliness. A muser, a pure soul moved by love, a poet!

Yes, a poet must have made this beautiful fountain amid the impenetrable forest.

None but a poet can make a beautiful and useless thing.

ROSES

There are roses sweet-smelling, of gentle and fantastic hue, resembling the small hazy tinted clouds which toward evening attend upon the departing sun.

There are red roses, the colour of a living wound, each petal a blood stain—the fiery roses of passion.

There are roses yellow, yellow like the flame of a wax-light, like the face of autumn. These are sad, significant of separation, of reconciliation with fate.

Observe these noble flowers in silence, should they be worn by someone.

There are roses white like the moon in the morning when the sunlight and moonlight meet upon the sky.

This is the speechless rose of hopeless love—of wistful solitary brooding.

There are black roses eternal and unfading, with sharp thorns; the great petals curl.

These strange flowers that grow in the souls of human beings are the black roses of grief.

CICERO AND THE RHETORICIANS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

ROME'S least mortal mind," said Byron when he paid Cicero the homage that an age of rhetoric and an age devoted to the abstract Republic (the two ages coincide) had to pay him. We can allow Cicero no such credit to-day. In politics he was that most dangerous type—the complete rationalizer. Whatever the course he took in statecraft he could talk about it in a noble-minded way, and with moving references to the Republic, to the traditions of the state, to invincible loyalties. He did magnificently what has been done in our day prettily by M Kerensky and Mr De Valera. He was all for the Senate, but when Pompey came to dominate it he was able to rationalize his support of him in the most apt fashion:

"I should still have been of the opinion that no resistance should be offered to powers so invincible, that the established pre-eminence of our highest citizens should not, even if that were possible, be abolished, and that we should not persist in holding to an unvarying opinion when the circumstances have entirely altered and the political inclinations of honest men have undergone a corresponding change, but that we should move with the times. For never has an undeviating persistence in one opinion been reckoned as a merit in those distinguished men who have steered the ship of state."

Then comes a long illustration about a ship, and then—

"It does not always follow we ought always to express ourselves in the same way, though we ought always to have in view the same goal."

Pompey was a darling man, but Pompey listened "to a notorious

NOTE: Cicero: *The Letters to His Friends*, with an English translation by W. Glynn Williams, three volumes; *The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius*, with an English translation by John C. Rolfe, three volumes. 16mo. The Loeb Classical Library. London: William Heinemann; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 each volume.

set of indiscreet advisers," and now Caesar was the master of Rome. But Cicero had always been in the right:

"I should tell you what I had previously predicted, were I not afraid of your thinking that I am making things up after they happened. But anyhow there are a large number of people who can testify that though at the beginning I warned Pompey against a coalition with Caesar, I afterwards warned him not to break with him. I saw that the coalition meant the crushing of the Senate's power and a rupture the stirring up of civil war. Moreover I was on the most intimate terms with Caesar, while I had the highest esteem for Pompey; but my advice, without being disloyal to the latter, was beneficial to both."

And again: "It was the frequent boast of my dear friend, Q. Hortensius, that he had never taken part in civil warfare. My credit will be the more conspicuous in so far as in his case it was attributed to a lack of spirit, whereas in my case I do not think such an idea could possibly be entertained."

It is not suggested that there were no just things said about politics by Cicero. There were. But they were all said as an editorial writer would say them, not as a man who could hold a party together and organize a government would say them. And they were dangerous because all this talk about a Republic that could no longer maintain itself was an incitement against the man who was striving to create a new order.

Like every Roman bent upon achieving distinction Cicero had to be in politics. But perhaps it would be right to say that the tragedy of his latter life was due to the fact that he was in power when Catilina's conspiracy was divulged to the Senate. What Catilina was up to, what state of affairs he aimed at bringing about, we can never know. But Cicero was zealous in the affair, and he acted with decision and energy. And ever afterwards he talked about what he had done. "Act, but be not attached to the fruits of action," said the Indian sages with excelling wisdom. No man was ever so attached to the fruits of his action as was Cicero:

"So I frankly ask you again and again to eulogize my actions

with even more warmth than perhaps you feel, and in that respect to disregard the canons of history; and—to remind you of that personal partiality, of which you have written most charmingly in a certain prefatory essay, clearly showing that you could have been as little swayed by it as was Xenophon's famous Hercules by Pleasure—if you find that such personal partiality enhances my merits even to exaggeration in your eyes, I ask you not to disdain it, and of your bounty to bestow on our love even a little more than may be allowed by truth. And if I can induce you to undertake what I suggest, you will, I assure myself, find a theme worthy of your able and flowing pen."

So he writes to a friend who is about to write a history of his times. And he is impatient of any delay in the publication of his services to the Republic: "You should not wait until you come to the proper place for it, but promptly grapple with the whole of that particular episode, and the then political situation." He wrote this seven years after he had exposed Catilina. He talked about his service to the Republic endlessly, and he expected the world to talk about it endlessly. He always had the vision of his banishment and his triumphal recall before his eyes. One suspects that his dislike of the provincial governorship that was given him was because it took him away from where he could talk and listen to the talk about his action in the Catilina case and his recall after his banishment from Rome:

"And that, too, when the Republic was inspiring me with a greater courage than I had ever possessed, by having made it clearly evident that the one citizen she could not do without was myself, and when while Metellus's recall hung on the motion of a single tribune, my own recall was acclaimed with one voice by the whole Republic, with the Senate giving the lead, and all Italy following suit, with eight tribunes proposing the motion, with you as Consul putting it to the vote at the meeting of the Centuries, with every class and every member of it energetically promoting the measure—using in a word all the forces at her disposal."

This nervous, eager, wordy man had to be a popular figure; there-

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after he had to keep in the current of Roman politics. But events moved too fast for Cicero. He had to take sides as between Pompey and the Senate. He turned up on Pompey's side after he had held "as it were, a parley with the State herself." He had to take sides as between Caesar and Pompey. He supported Pompey in such a way that Pompey wished to Heaven he would go over to Caesar. Then he began to see merits in Caesarism. Caesar was so courteous, so clement, so anxious to be kind to men of outstanding ability! The thing that he failed to see about Caesar was that Caesar was indispensable. And then Caesar perished through the machinations of Cicero's particular friends, and Tully fell upon the mercy of the Mark Anthonys.

This volume of his letters makes an entralling record. Here is a great publicist—publicist is the word that comes upon the pen when writing about him; Cicero was a great publicity man giving the highest sort of publicity to his friends and clients, and a great editorial writer—writing about the most momentous events, the most interesting personalities: Pompey, Caesar, Brutus, Crassus, and their affairs are the subjects of his able and sometimes impassioned writing. And if we read them not as the outpourings of "Rome's least mortal mind," but as the comments of one of the greatest of editorial writers upon a crisis in history in which he himself was implicated, we shall find Cicero's letters of immense interest. He was a greater editorial writer than any we have ever known of. A master of language, Cicero had had his training in the greatest schools that a public man could have had training in—the Academy in Athens, the Forum and the Senate in Rome.

Cicero was not the inventor of rhetoric, but he was its chief exponent. For centuries European rhetoric derived from him. Even to-day public men in England live on a derivative of his rhetoric. In the eighteenth century they flourished on its more pristine product. His influence on later Latin literature must have been immense, and *The Attic Nights* of Aulus Gellius are there to show us what influence Cicero had upon the advocates, the philosophers, and the literary men of Antonine Rome.

Still we must remember what Santayana has shown us: that in classical culture—especially in Latin culture—there was a rhetorical element. The sort of ideas that could be made striking in the

lecture hall and in the courts were accepted and remained un-criticized. Even in the work of a great poet like Lucretius there are ideas which have a fallacy that comes from the phrase that was made for public utterance.

Cicero could have only reinforced this element in classical literature, but he must have reinforced it enormously. He is a continuous influence upon the writer of *The Attic Nights*, and there are more references to him on their pages than to any other writer. Of course Aulus Gellius was an advocate, and he must have had a professional interest in this chief of advocates. At any rate he sets him above any of the other advocates he mentions.

How completely rhetorical is the scene which Aulus Gellius puts before us with such approval, the scene in which he and the philosopher Favorinus call to congratulate a Senator on a birth. The mother of the woman who has had the child is present; she mentions that they are going to procure a wet-nurse for it. Thereupon the philosopher delivers himself of an address that has passages of this kind in it:

"Shall we then allow this child of ours to be infected with some dangerous contagion and to draw a spirit into its mind and body from the body and mind of the worst character? This, by Heaven, is the very reason for what often excites our surprise, that some children of chaste women turn out to be like their parents neither in body nor mind. Wisely then and skilfully did our Maro make use of these lines of Homer:

The horseman Peleus never was thy sire,
Nor Thetis gave thee birth, but the grey sea
Begat thee, and the hard and flinty rocks,
So savage is thy mind.

For he bases his charge, not upon birth alone, but on fierce and savage nurture, adding these words of his own:

Grim Caucasus bore thee on its flinty rocks
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck."

And so on, at great length. Aulus was charmed by the discourse. "I heard Favorinus make this address in the Greek language. I have reproduced his sentiments as far as I was able,

for the sake of their general utility, but the elegance, copiousness, and richness of his words hardly any power of Latin eloquence could equal, least of all my humble attainments." One wonders what would have happened if the mother of the lady in bed had said, "But, sir, my daughter at present is not able to nurse her child, and we have no intention of getting any infected or profligate person as nurse."

This sort of rhetoric Aulus Gellius delights in. Luckily, however, he does not fill his twenty books with instances of it. He writes about grammar, points in history, antiquities, biography, literary criticism, curiosities of literature. He is most interesting when he shows us some incident which reveals the world of his day, as, for instance: "When Sulpicius Apollinaris and I, with some others who were friends of his or mine were sitting in the Library of the Palace of Tiberius, it chanced that a book was brought to us bearing the name of Marcus Cato Nepos." Or, "Lately a foolish, boastful fellow, sitting in a bookseller's shop, was praising and advertising himself, asserting that he was the only one under all heaven who could interpret the satires of Marcus Varrus." Or, "To Herodes Atticus, the ex-consul, renowned for his personal charm and his Grecian eloquence, there once came when I was present, a man in a cloak, with long hair and a beard that reached almost to his waist, and asked that money be given him for bread. Then Herodes asked him who on earth he was, and the man, with anger in his voice and expression, replied that he was a philosopher. . . . 'I see,' said Herodes, 'a beard and a cloak; the philosopher I do not yet see.'" But the chapter that is particularly delightful is the one in which it is told how "a young man of equestrian rank from the land of Asia, gifted in nature, well off in manners and fortune," gave a dinner-party at which our friend Aulus was present. There also came one Antonius Julianus who spoke with a Spanish accent and who was well acquainted with early Latin literature. And when there was an end of eating and drinking boys and girls came in and sang in a most charming way "several odes of Anacreon and Sappho, as well as some other erotic elegies of more recent poets that were sweet and graceful." A lovely poem written by Anacreon in his old age is set down for us by Aulus. And when they had listened to that song some of the young Hellenes present boasted

that there was nothing in Latin literature that was so smooth-flowing and delightful. This boast brought a reply from Julianus. "Lying upon his back with veiled head," he chanted in exceeding sweet tones the verses of Valerius Audituus, and Porcius Licinus, and Quintus Catulus. The little poems are given, and they are charming. It remains to be said of Cicero: Letters to His Friends and The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius that, like the generality of the Loeb Classical Library, the translations made by W. Glynn Williams and John C. Rolfe are of high literary excellence.

THE SWORD

BY HAROLD LEWIS COOK

Here lies the flesh that tortured me.
Stand still, and gaze upon this ground.
Through this thin, flowered grass you see
The skeleton beneath the mound:

The blue eyes that could never weep,
The soft mouth that could never sleep,
Nerveless now, and deep, deep—
Trapped and bound.

The heart is still that never yet
Sucked upon the core of pain;
And still the hand that could forget
How touch may cool a burning brain.

Stand here, and gaze. Then tell me why
From flesh long dead leaps up so high
This two-edged sword on which I die
Again, again.



THE BOOK. BY MARIE VAN VORST

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BULGARIAN LETTER

IN any land the true artist is called upon to make sacrifices for his art, yet in countries like America, England, Germany, he may, without becoming rich, earn his bread by writing. Not so the Bulgarian author. He suffers privation to the end of his life unless the government aids him. The usual price of a novel is twenty-five cents; work is paid for by magazines only rarely, and the maximum payment for a short story is five dollars. Like practically everything then, the fostering of literature becomes a state problem. The ministry of education must stimulate young authors by scholarships permitting of study in other countries, by government appointments, by subsidies and awards. And it must see to it that established authors are not left to starve. Since the minister of education appoints committees and is himself appointed for political reasons, we find a situation not so satisfactory as at first might have appeared, "it being impossible to divide a hamper of straw among sixty oxen," as a Bulgarian critic has put it.

Of Bulgaria's five million population, four million are peasants, and the literature is peasant literature. The writers live in Sofia, but cling to the soil for setting and ideas. Some like Dobri Nemi-roff decry a literature of ox-carts, inns, sheaves, wheat and corn. And even prior to him, Ivan Vazoff, a great writer, perhaps the greatest author of the Balkans, attempted in *New Earth* to write a novel of city life, but had to go back to that life of the soil which had given him *Under the Yoke*, the Bulgarian novel most worthy of comparison with those of Western-European masters. Mr Nemi-roff, as proponent of a city literature, has been no more successful than Vazoff though he is regarded as Bulgaria's best living novelist.

It is in the short story rather than in the novel that Bulgarian prose has flowered, and its master is Elin Pelin (Dimiter Ivanoff), the most loved of contemporary Bulgarian authors. He was born in a village, spent his early years as a school-teacher among the peasants, and has remained unwaveringly devoted to them. A long short story by him entitled *Earth* has just appeared separately in book form. It depicts greed for land; it is the study of a peasant,

Enio, a sort of miser of field and meadow, whose passion for land is such that to see his brother's strip of field wedging into his own is torture to him—a splinter in his heart. Elin Pelin has made of earth a living heroine, an intense, powerful being with which the hero, Enio, falls madly in love, and so perfect are the artistry and understanding of peasant psychology that the reader is quite able to support the brutal manner in which Enio slays his brother out in the field. For several years Elin Pelin had been unproductive, but in this book he has shown increased maturity, keener insight into peasant psychology, a more positive philosophy, a yet more sympathetic attitude to life. In *Earth* he has really written his novel.

Among Bulgarian short-story writers, Jordan Yofkoff and the young Anghel Karaliitcheff should be mentioned. Emerging from mediocre war-literature in which most Bulgarian authors allowed themselves to be involved, Mr Yofkoff's talent has now come to fruition in a series of distinguished tales entitled *Legends of the Balkan Mountain*. In these stories the author re-creates the tragic days of Turkish oppression when Kerjali and Janizaries preyed upon the population, and his ability as a story-teller is probably equalled by none in Bulgaria. There is more action, plot, breadth and movement, than in the tales of Elin Pelin and the style is fluent, but there is lack of substance as compared with the interpretative and philosophic significance which underlie most stories by Elin Pelin. Mr Karaliitcheff likewise makes use of legends and traditions—with emphasis on ideas, and with greater psychologic effect. Though not yet thirty years of age he has an enviable position among prose-writers of the little kingdom. His style is poetic, he has an instinct for compression, and knows the value of restraint and the subtle effect of suggestion, whereas Mr Yofkoff in *The Song of the Wheels*, spoils a beautiful story by making too obvious Seli Yasher's realization that in building the wonderful singing carts he is doing for the world the good that he longs to do.

In this brief comment one can but mention Bulgarian poetry which, like Bulgarian literature in general, dates from Christo Boteff, the poet-revolutionist who was killed by the Turks in Vratza, near Sofia half a century ago. Pentcho Slaveikoff and Pentcho Yavoroff, having died within the last decade, were both great poets; and now there are Todor Trajanoff, Nicholai Lilieff,

E. Bagriana, besides a multitude of lesser ones, but Boteff remains unsurpassed. He lived when his country was under the Turkish yoke and all his verse is of *haiduk* character. A passionate yearning to free his people from political and spiritual serfdom burns in his work and transcends the boundaries of nationalism, embracing the cause of the oppressed through the whole world. He was twenty-eight years of age when he was killed, yet his name and power grow—are even dangerous. Youths imitate his manner of life, quitting the university because he had no university education. He is elevated to a deity. His most famous poems are *My Prayer* and *Hadji Dimitar*. In the former he supplicates a god of the heart, "protector of slaves," not the god of popes and patriarchs, who teaches the oppressed to be patient and to pray. In the latter piece—dedicated to a fellow revolutionist—the poet exalts to immortality him that falls in the battle for freedom. He is not to be mourned; he lives for ever "there upon the Balkan." Earth and heavens mourn him; beast and nature sing for him. It is one of the most beautiful lyrics in literature.

STOYAN CHRISTOWE

BOOK REVIEWS

MR YEATSS TOWER

THE TOWER. By W. B. Yeats. 8vo. 110 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

THIS book quickens my admiration for Yeats. He is taking the approach of old age well—the inevitable decline in what Wordsworth called "courage," that spirit which a poet has come to look upon as his own, but which, when it suddenly deserts him, he discovers to have been simply youth. Modern life indeed no longer presents the same contrast as formerly between youth and age, and an elderly poet has quite as good a chance nowadays of capturing the ear of our youth as in the days of his roses and raptures: a curious consideration this, which would seem to point to the fact that the world itself is growing elderly, and that youth now relishes the wisdom of age. The wintry baldness of some of Yeats's lines appears to be in accordance with current taste: for example

"Beyond that ridge lived Mrs French, and once—"

or

"That insolent fiend, Robert Artisson"

—which makes me think that Wordsworth will come into his own again among certain of his detractors with lines like

"Spade with which Wilkinson has tilled this ground"

—a line, by the way, which I have always myself liked.

For the poet himself however the advent of old age (Mr Yeats of course is not so very old) must be a testing moment. What has he to fall back upon when youth is gone? At the departure of youth every poet is offered the choice of honourable retirement, or

wisdom, and Mr Yeats has not chosen to be silent; he has elected to live by the energies of thought, and in this election he has reaped the reward of having chosen in youth the better part. His faith, formulated long ago, in "*anima mundi*," in which all experience is stored, ought, I should think, to enable a poet to face the transition from youth to age with indifference. He "cries in Plato's teeth" that the real world is not a world of abstraction. It is a world accessible, even in life, to those in whom imagination is informed by will, and who are able to contrive, with deliberation, the "artifice of their eternity."

"I have prepared my peace
With learned Italian things
And the proud stones of Greece,
Poet's imaginings
And memories of love,
Memories of the words of women,
All those things whereof
Man makes a superhuman,
Mirror-resembling dream."

Does Yeats produce in us the conviction which he professes? In listening to Beethoven or Handel men have been moved to believe in immortality; and it is when poetry subsists wholly within itself, tending thus to the "condition of music," that it is most persuasive. There is certainly no personal assertiveness. But Mr Yeats is full of assertions, which, though always interesting, interrupt the mood in which his art should enwrap us, and this growth of assertiveness is the only sign which I detect in him of the hardening influence of old age. Take the following, from the poem already quoted:

"I mock Plotinus' thought
And cry in Plato's teeth,
Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock, stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun and moon and star, all."

There is more of assertion here than of poetry; and much as I admire this poet's love of a close and homely phrase, that "lock, stock and barrel" is not, I submit, good language on this occasion. We talk a good deal nowadays of "pure poetry," and some have diagnosed thought as the impurity: yet poetry cannot subsist without thought. It is when we find that we are making assertions that we should feel we are writing something other than poetry. Here we may possibly discover the cause of a kind of disjointedness in Mr Yeats's later work. . . . There is something birdlike in his genius; a bird whose natural food was the berries of the wilderness, upon which he thrrove best, and who hardly knows what he wants amid the gorgeous fruits of cultivated orchards. He is himself a bird of gorgeous plumage, exhibited every now and then when he spreads his wing:

"Pride, like that of the morn,
When the headlong light is loose,
Or that of the fabulous horn,
Or that of the sudden shower
When all the streams are dry,
Or that of the hour
When the swan must fix his eye
Upon a fading gleam,
Float out upon a long
Last reach of glittering stream
And there sing his last song."

The Tower is at once a symbol and an actuality. Some years ago the poet cast his eyes upon one of the "Burke towers" situated in that district with which his genius will be permanently associated: a little fortress which only needed some renovation to make it habitable. It was a good thought: Ireland has need of places to which men might point as the homes of poets; more than one of the English poets—Wordsworth and Scott are entitled to particular mention in this respect—have bequeathed in their earthly abodes something like the realization of a dream. Ballylee Castle was perhaps rather in the nature of an Abbotsford than of a Rydal Mount, and here as in a fortress the poet and his family lived

through the trying times of "civil war." There may however have been some disappointment. These old stone buildings in the West of Ireland, the country of the Burkes, are often damp unwholesome places in which to live. Mr George Moore told me of a violent asthma which once assailed him while sleeping in one of them, though he recovered at once on leaving it; but that he was not deceived as to the cause was proved to him later on by a slight recurrence of the complaint when he chanced to lunch one day in the same house. Perhaps then the Tower was not altogether a residential success. Yet men will look to it in future generations as the abode of a great and lonely-minded poet. They will speculate on Mr Yeats's "bitterness," so often the chosen mood of his later verse. Was it temperamental, or was it a cultivated principle? Had the poet expected too much of men?

There are some annoying misprints in this otherwise beautiful volume, betokening a culpable carelessness in the production. In one short poem there are two of these, making nonsense of the context.

JOHN EGLINTON

FROM QUEENS TO CATS

APHRODITE and Other Poems. By Wallace Gould.
8vo. The Macaulay Company. 128 pages. \$2.50.

THE title poem in Wallace Gould's *Aphrodite and Other Poems* is unsatisfactory to me. I found it so when it appeared in *The American Caravan*, 1927, and I find it still the same.

In the *Endymion*, which follows, my interest begins to pick up. Why? Because I see through the design to more genuine feeling, to more actual sights. And the language is more related to speech —though it is not speech, of course.

"I sat alone —
gladly no longer a lover, though often of a moonlight night I lie
exposed to your rident leer, a Latmian clown."

Nothing in the first poem is, to me, quite up to that excellent verbal quality, though the image is most shockingly threadbare. So be it. Perhaps there is too heavy a stress on the *lls*. It is delightful, nevertheless, to find a man who does care to-day about the sound of his lines. Perhaps it is this which has sometimes led Gould astray, away from modern speech and modern poetry at its best.

Some of the plainness of modern poetry is, no doubt, precisely what Gould means to avoid. A plainness, however, which when his work first appeared, in *The Little Review*, endowed it with a vitality which I sometimes miss in his revisions. There is much to be said though for what he is now undertaking.

It is obviously a formal beauty that he is after. I recognize in the artist the necessity for this clarification, but the very solidity of his past work has been for me just its informal sweep.

At best these first two poems are excellent exercises, not so good as some other modern work after the Greek model, nor up to Gould's own earlier, *Two Hellenic Heads* (included in this volume), wherein by his plainness and true feeling he had a great success in bringing life to a classic subject.

It is not until he begins speaking of his cats that I find Gould really serious.

There is included in the book the old romance with which he has been working from the first, his Kennebec ladies, Ann, Rosalind, and Marnia, but I have never been quite clear as to what he means by them. Revised as the three poems now stand, with carefully studied interludes between them, they still give me the feeling that reticence in this case has gone too far. I want to know more—and I am not told. In many places the lines are delightful with the Maine scenery.

The shorter pieces in the latter half of the book are the best of it: about his cats, about an old American goblet (especially fine), about a little singing nigger, about Villon, about anything which Gould has enjoyed. In these he comes up with finely measured praise. Sorrow, regret, resignation, and defiance receding into a constantly shrinking world over which poetry alone holds power—his cats are real as the creatures in *Gulliver's Travels* and of an equal relationship with the intelligence.

Wallace Gould is to-day working with his words to make them sing on the tongue. He is working as every artist must to realize his technique and to make it obedient to his will and feelings. When he succeeds his lines have a smoothness that amounts to a philosophy. But he will not be the first, should he by bookishness denature his poetic liquor.

W. C. WILLIAMS

MR ALDINGTON'S VIEWS ON GOURMONT

REMY DE GOURMONT. Selections from All His Works Chosen and Translated by Richard Aldington. Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and Woodcuts by André Rouveyre. Two volumes. 8vo. 671 pages. Pascal Covici. \$10.

HAVING refused to review this pair of volumes on the ground that I cdnt. be bothered to read translation of what I already knew in the original, especially as I disagreed with the translator on various matters: such as the relation of the french language to english; such as being able to stand certain things, "such as", Bruce Richmond, the Times Lit. Sup., the general state of mind in British publications, which affects me as so much very dead fish, fish that is, not simply dead, or dried in the sun, but fish long dead that has lain in a damp back shop until it is filled with maggots; recognizing that this "exacerbated sensibility" of mine in regard to things of the mind unfits me for discussing mental things with people who have no such mental sensibility, who dislike the odour of garbage, but don't mind the Sat. Eve. Post, or British Weeklies in General; at the same time not regarding this sensibility as a personal misfortune, seeing that it is more than compensated by a gamut of pleasures obviously denied to my British and many of my American contemporaries . . . but recognizing that any discussion of these minor points in the present case, wd. be rather like a squabble among the survivors of a shipwreck, over the colour or pattern on the oar handles of their life-boat, I find on receipt of the books something that I can discuss without falling into these wolf-traps.

Mr Aldington on p. 18 of his introduction drags in the uncleanly name of Ste Beuve, and this affects me precisely (I don't mean approximately, but precisely) as if he had dumped the contents of a week's garbage can into the middle of a well appointed dinner table. . . . Mr Aldington does nevertheless proceed on p. 21 and thence onward to write several paragraphs which permit

one the pleasure of recognizing in him (despite his obtuseness) one of the few contemporary writers who have an interest in civilization and who are, according to their light, working to preserve such remnants, or, if it may be, seeds and germinal elements as might in time reflower.

As to the obtuseness, perhaps that may be covered by his opening quotation from Spinoza, that is to say, without this protective obtuseness it wd. very probably be impossible for him to survive in post-war England.

Possibly because the book is published in America he has made a far better job of his introduction than he made of his book on Voltaire, he has arrived at a franker expression, and shows less regard for the encrusted stupidity of what one had supposed was a dead, if unburied era. His appreciation of Gourmont seems to me clearer than his critique of Voltaire.

I suggest that this may be due to the *milieu*, i.e., the publishing conditions, and to the personality of the publisher, and to the, in general, healthier state of mind pertaining in our gang-ridden bureaucrat-poisoned America, where the circumjacent stodge simply is *not* so thick, though the blah may be wider, more engulfing, more ubiquitous and diaphanous, than in England.

At any rate, after fifteen years, we now have a handsome two vol. edtn. of Gourmont for the people who are too lazy to learn french, or who have thought of learning it too late in life. And on page 21 *et seq.* we find Aldington's lucid appreciation of the author:

"He is the defender of liberty of expression, liberty of morals, liberty of action. Perhaps he claimed the impossible, but only the efforts of these uncompromising Individualists have saved us so far from a new Middle Ages of dreary collective tyranny. Everywhere the interests of the group are preferred to the interests of the individual; everywhere, as Gourmont pointed out, the insane process is occurring of making great groups happy by destroying the personal happiness of every individual in the group. Everywhere liberties, the liberty to love, the liberty to drink what we please, the liberty to travel, the liberty to work, the liberty to enjoy, the liberty to express opinions contrary to those of the majority, to doubt the gods of the herd and the herd-leaders, the liberty to be

happy in one's own way—all these liberties are being abolished or curtailed in the name of frothy social theories or the deplorable slave morals of the gospels."

"All Gourmont's work is a magnificent protest against the over-organization of society for the benefit of human mediocrity. The life and work of Huysmans are an artist's exasperated protest against the exterior of industrialized life. Gourmont is far more profound, if less exquisitely an artist. Accepting the science which Huysmans rejected in horror, Gourmont went deeper, analysed and exposed the delusive theories and ideas which have been developed by confused but persuasive minds from our chaos of moribund but still vicious religions and vital but uncertain and over-assertive sciences."

Despite my earlier intentions I have now read some 600 pages of Gourmont in English and can compliment the non-french-reading peruser on the opportunity of having so much of this admirable and highly modern author at his disposal.

Mr Aldington is also to be complimented on the, by-implication, expression of his own position and sympathies, in the passage quoted and in subsequent pages of his introduction. Especially on p. 31 we find part of a paragraph which might be put in a much more aggressive manner:

"His great value as a literary critic lies in this: that he . . . wrote with a view to creative activity; that he had given great attention to problems of language, meaning, philology, grammar . . . analyzed the meaning of words and showed how endless confusion arises from the almost universal looseness of usage."

For the rest: 671 pages of Gourmont, even if they weren't selected with the lucidity Aldington has shown, wd. form one of those ensembles which make any country in which they are read a more inhabitable country.

In view of the recent greatly regretted death of Jean de Gourmont and all that that implies in the way of delay in publishing Gourmontian papers, the publication of the inedited letters at the end of vol. 1 has a more than local interest and importance.

One might add at least one item to the somewhat dreary list of maltreatments of Gourmont. An excellent translation of *Les Chevaux de Diomède* by Mme Sartoris appeared serially in the *Egoist* in, I suppose, 1913, an American firm agreed to publish it, and then simply did not. This is the sort of thing that often occurs in British and American "literary life," and does not conduce to international appreciation of our much praised (by ourselves) better qualities. Considering what has since been printed in both the great, or enormous, anglo-saxon democracies it still surprises me that this book remains unpublished. . . . I have heard on good authority that it was Gourmont's own favourite among his compositions, and that for this reason he had instigated its translation, or at least chosen it as the first to be translated, and had gone over the english version.

The other example cited by Aldington, of an american editor's calmly breaking his word is the sort of thing "we" expect, but also the sort of thing that does not convince the foreigner of the high quality of our civilization.

As to the inestimable value of Gourmont, inestimable in the sense of incalculable, and very great, we must consider him as a definite and actual force still operative. We cannot afford to lose sight of his value, of his significance as a type, a man standing for freedom and honesty of thought, a type rarer than the "general reader" imagines, for the general reader does not know, and I doubt if even men of letters realize until they have been on their job a long time (say twenty years as a minimum) how many well known and so called "critical" writers pass their whole lives in, and how many entire periodicals are given over to, the production of statements agreeable to editors, agreeable to the book trade (in the widest sense of the term, publishers, printers, bookshops) but having nothing whatever to do with thought, civilization, or honesty.

And this practice is so common and has become so unconscious that these people simply do not know what one means when one cites a particular example of deadness or vileness. Against which Gourmont has an inextinguishable spark of honesty, worth bales of "story writer's technique," or other knacks explained in the manuals.

JOHN BURROUGHS

THE HEART OF BURROUGHS'S JOURNALS. Edited by
Clara Barrus. 10mo. 361 pages. Houghton Mif-
flin Company. \$3.

DR BARRUS'S selections from the note-books and journals, begun by John Burroughs at the age of seventeen and continued until he was eighty-four, should impress readers with his qualifications as an auto-biographer. Not only did he possess such an instinct for the genuine and love of it as would preclude any suspicion of posing, but one must think he greatly enjoyed the annotation of his days, nostalgic as some of his comments are—"Retrospection is my disease," he remarks. More than this, the whole bent of his career seemed to provide him with appropriate occasions, and assist him to his particular excellences, which were those of self-expression. Redundantly as he may, perhaps, have heaped up the harvest of his appreciation of nature in his books, his fluent and unequal spirits find still another interesting plethora of statement in the varied hundreds of his journal entries.

To see him all and to see him precisely, however, one would probably do well to consider the nature essays with the journals, for while it is doubtless stating the matter extremely to suggest, as he did, that his journals were "too sad," were merely the "cemetery" of his vanished days and thoughts, still they are inevitable in their witnessing of the fact that mornings and afternoons of rejoicing in the open could end in evenings of persistent homesickness and retrospection by the fire. At times he seems almost the valetudinarian of his own temperament—one remembers here his giving up eating grapes because he thought they made him melancholy. Yet for all this, his daily makings and un-makings are hardly to be considered evidence of anything in him but delicacy of organization, such as would add keenness and enjoyment to his observation, and surely added importance to his numerous observations of himself.

Dr Barrus relates editorially that on the fly-leaf of Burroughs's

note-book for 1859 there is inscribed the sentiment, "My life is an apprenticeship to Truth," above which is to be found, as Dr Barrus says, "a carefully drawn eye." The sentiment doubtless suits the age of twenty-two, which he had then attained, but the carefully drawn eye, and his remarks on eyes and seeing in the ensuing pages, seem—to say the least—interestingly relevant to those later expatiations, with which readers of his essays must all be familiar, upon the necessity of "clear and decisive gazing," upon "perceptive faculties like a trap lightly and delicately set." "Look and look again," he was always insisting in his discourses upon wood and field, and so it is perhaps worth noting that when his first essay, *Expression*, published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1860, was attributed to Emerson, Burroughs, given pause by the ambiguity of the compliment, and determined to find a field strictly his own, found it almost at once in the world of the open. This was the domain, of course, with which he was already most familiar as a country youth, but it was the domain also in which his gifts of eye could have greatest scope.

If it is not necessarily the mark of early explicitness in his knowledge of himself that he was promptly able to make his stronger gifts the point of departure and the method, one might almost say, of his originality, it nevertheless does bespeak a certain effectiveness of instinct. He had not, of course, and was far from claiming for himself the depth of identity possessed by Whitman and Emerson, his great tutors in the nature of existence, but he could proceed skilfully and solidly enough with what was his own. No one knew better than he, apparently, that when he celebrated the manners of the purple loosestrife, or "the fine, sliding chant" of the *Socialis* sparrow, he was not writing botany or ornithology, but sheer appreciation. "People admire my birds," he notes, November 27, 1878, "but it is not the birds they see, it is me." Such pronouncements, however, are to be seen in conjunction with the lengths he was prepared to go in search of accuracy of observation, with the lengths of his fulmination against "nature faking." He might be an aesthete of nature indeed, but his appreciations were very well secured in the actualities of his best vision.

The alertness of his appreciation might in fact be regarded as attesting the strength of his instinct for the genuine. Apparently

dominant with him, it makes his relation to his private titans, Whitman and Emerson, the more interesting. He soon felt the need, as has already been noticed, of guarding his originality against the vast benefactions of Emerson, and it would not be possible to measure the depth of influence upon him of Whitman, who as the journals witness, was never long absent from his thoughts. The proved, the almost creative facility and fidelity with which he could on occasion imitate both of his great tutors seems indicative of the extent to which his thought could be imbued with theirs.

Whether he was in himself diminished or not by these immense influences one can hardly tell. There was evidently, reinforcement of his instinct for the genuine, also the reinforcement of his already strong disposition to regard his uncorrected instincts as adequate to the feats of discernment in general. When, however, he adventured beyond his own undoubted demesne, which he perhaps too often did, as for example into popular evolution or more particularly into literary criticism, it is not so certain that his effectiveness was unimpaired by his too complete confidence in the sufficiency of his intuitions.

At least, in so far as critics are to make applicable for their contemporaries the more enduring perspectives in the history of thought, Burroughs was probably not adequate to some of the ventures he set. While a considerable reader, he clearly was not a "mover among the throngs of books." Yet a judiciously encyclopaedic scope of reading would seem practically imperative for the critic. More than this, his journal comments, franker than his essays, suggest some tendency in him to read all in the light of his masters, and summarily to reject what was not of their category. Into this latter limbo he unmincingly claps no less a personage than Milton. "Milton's poetry, for the most part," he notes, February 29, 1894, "is to me a kind of London Tower filled with old armor, stuffed knights, wooden chargers, and the emblems and bedizements of the past. Interesting for a moment, but dead, hollow, moth-eaten."

On the other hand, if criticism is in part the response of the critic's own personality, and evidently in important senses it is, then Burroughs was often an apt and suggestive critic, with an alert eye for greatness (and smallness) in the men of name, or at least such

greatness as could be subsumed under Whitman-Emerson headings. Within its scope, that is, there was efficacy in his instinct for the genuine, and it is such efficacy that gives depictive virtue to the journals. His comments on himself and his days are doubtless not uniformly infallible, but of his honesty and modesty there could be no slightest doubt, and certainly his errors in estimate of himself as against other men are much less numerous than his accuracies. One of the more striking of these latter is not included in the present selections since it occurs in one of his letters, written in September 1910 (*Life and Letters*, Volume II, page 147¹). There he will be found rejecting with decision a critical encomium of himself which compared him with Thoreau to the latter's disadvantage. "Why," he asks, with somewhat doubtful syntax, but with no doubt as to his meaning, "why compare *me* to the disadvantage of Thoreau?"

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

¹ Reviewed in *THE DIAL*, April, 1926.

BRIEFER MENTION

The elements in *COSTUMES BY EROS*, by Conrad Aiken (10mo, 266 pages; Scribner's: \$2) are a refined style; a sense of composition, and a delicate mind pondering on some of the more delicate manifestations of love. A light touch of the hand is followed by a broken heart; an illicit week-end is blotted out by a greater love—for Japanese prints. The material seems trivial, but the emotion is intense. And Mr Aiken, with apparent indifference to the canons of the commercial short story, writes English beautifully.

DR WORTLE'S SCHOOL, by Anthony Trollope (18mo, 273 pages; The World's Classics, Oxford University Press, American Branch: 80 cents). If the gentlemen of this tale are overgentlemanly and the villain too base, the reader can still be remunerated in the character and story of Dr Jeffrey Wortle, whose stubbornness in the teeth of convention is the focus of a narrative which is entirely alive. Perhaps the story has too much of the circulating library air, but even so the things that make Trollope what he solidly is—his large sedate candour, his level sense—are to be found on most of the present pages.

JINGLING IN THE WIND, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (12mo, 256 pages; Viking Press: \$2). The reader's first instinctive reaction to this queer book is a bewildered indignation that the author of *The Time of Man*, that incomparable pastoral of elemental sensibility, should have set herself, in "malice prepense," to compose this sibyllic puzzle, this convoluted rhapsody, upon God knows what. Our second thoughts are even less favourable to this adventurous author. Applying *any* canon of rational taste to *Jingling in the Wind*, it remains a remote, forbidding, unsympathetic book; the *tour de force* of a fine poetic mind, haughtily indulging itself in untranslatable solipsistic fantasies.

ORION, by R. H. Horne, with an Introduction on Horne's Life and Work (8vo, 131 pages; The Scholartis Press: 7/6). While Mr Partridge's Introduction does its work well in bringing back to our attention "this fantastic old great man," the poem itself does that work still better. Lovers of poetry unacquainted with this remarkable production will find their mere knowledge of it, as a surprising literary phenomenon for 1843, thickened out as they read into a new and most vivid aesthetic sensation. Horne can be very tedious when he philosophizes; but the purely descriptive pages of this singular Epic are of a curious and wayward beauty. Perhaps the most exciting passage of all, and the one that best displays the author's grandiose imagination, is the scene (Book II, Canto II) where his hero Orion drowns the huge land-monsters in his paternal ocean. The poem has not the least resemblance in style to Keats' *Hyperion*, nor is it in any sense Miltonic. Rough, rocky, portentously terse, it strikes us as a thing entirely *sui generis*.

THE FIRST HARVEST, by Mary Leighton, with two illustrations by John S. Sargent (8vo, 63 pages; Four Seas Company: \$3). To retell the story of Adam and Eve is permissible, however prone "book-takers" are to think Ralph Hodgson, Milton, and the King James translators the best tellers; and if Eve has been portrayed by Blake, Dürer, Botticelli, and some five or six sculptors, there is perhaps the more reason why Sargent should also be moved to depict her. Of statement verbal or linear in this account of the Garden, that which recurs to one as having been least anticipated is, "The threat of ill—what is to die?" The snake replied from rocky shelf: "To cast thy form, but not thyself."

MOODS, CADENCED AND DECLAIMED, by Theodore Dreiser (10mo, 385 pages; Horace Liveright: \$3). A number of ragged and ravelled vignettes of the American hurly-burly unroll themselves here in fluctuating procession. The negligent laxity of the form precludes approach to any *Ars Poetica*, whether new or old; but the massive, sombrely cheerful mind of the great Realist, pondering on the Passing Show, can be felt throughout these tuneless "Tom-Tom" drummings, giving the book its own curious, though hardly aesthetic, interest.

TWO GREEK PLAYS: *The Philoctetes* of Sophocles and *The Medea* of Euripides, translated by John Jay Chapman (12mo, 119 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2). This is most acceptable English for the *Philoctetes* and the *Medea*. It seems unlikely that they will ever be done into better. There is a noble ease in the dialogue and a youthful swiftness to the action that must seem conclusively Greek to moderns. Yet the apologetic translator says that such a task is "chiefly valuable as a pastime for elderly gentlemen with time on their hands." So commendable and unusual a modesty ought not to be disturbed—but on the other hand—is it not generally understood by this time that interpreters of Greek, like interpreters of Juliet, should have a certain age?

SWINDLERS AND ROGUES IN FRENCH DRAMA, by Hilda Laura Norman (12mo, 259 pages; University of Chicago Press: \$3) is a thorough and authoritative study of that side of the French theatre which the more popular love dramas often make us forget. The author, aware of our ignorance, gives enough of the plot of the principal plays to make us understand the essential things; sometimes she tells too much and indicates relative importance too little. The book might be offered to those critics of America who imagine that we invented big business and are its only slaves.

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY, *The Development of Modern Espionage*, by Richard Wilmer Rowan (12mo, 322 pages; Viking Press: \$3.50) contains a brief conspectus of the work of the spy in the past, some account of spies in the Civil and Franco-Prussian wars, and a detailed study of the methods and escapades of some of the more notable spies of the recent war. The ingenuity of a few tricks and the courage of a few men and women are remarkable; but the whole story fails to fascinate. Is it possible that even this romance has been mechanized and organized out of existence?

THE UNCONQUERED KNIGHT, A Chronicle of the Deeds of Don Pero Niño, by his Standard-Bearer, Gutierre Diaz De Gamez, translated and selected from *El Vitorial* by Joan Evans (10mo, 219 pages; Broadway Medieval Library, Harcourt, Brace: \$3.50). In this fourteenth-century chronicle of conquest and adventure we are told that "it is neither embroideries, nor furs, nor chains, nor cloak clasps that make war, but hard fists and determined men." And we are given plenty of opportunity to test the verity of this utterance, as well as to participate in the leisure hours of the knights, when "lays, *distais*, vireleys, roundelays, complaints and ballads and songs of all kinds" give them entertainment. A combination of perfect courtesy, pitiless avarice, Christian fortitude, savagery, humility, and resignation is undoubtedly to be found on many pages of history, but perhaps only in such authentic documents of the Middle Ages can one discover these varying motives so naively and so dramatically juxtaposed.

LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE, by Rachel Annand Taylor (illus., 8vo, 580 pages; Harpers: \$6) is an emphatically aesthetic history of Leonardo and the brilliant days and places in which he lived. The author has regarded her subject, doubtless rightly, as what Henry James would have called a "theme for style," except that by style she seems to have understood mainly the adorning phrase. At all events an undoubted erudition in the Italian Renaissance and a magnificent enthusiasm for it are here set forth in what is almost a pandemonium of poeticism. Still the book is not to be discommended. Outwardly and inwardly it is coherent and discerning, and certainly the reader will not often find, in biography, such carnival kept with the colours of language.

THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, by Edward McCurdy (10mo, 360 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$3.50). At the present time numbers of people are continually being astonished by the discovery that Leonardo da Vinci had a mind. His contemporaries were not so upset by this. In fact they rather took it for granted that their artists should have minds. However, Leonardo, of course, really was exceptional and the justification, in his recorded researches, for such a peculiarly modern activity as aviation—to take but one instance—is enough to cause scientists to snatch him away entirely from the artists. This book almost seems an effort in that direction.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND IN 1675, by Marie Catherine, Baronne d'Aulnoy, translated from the French by Mrs William Henry Arthur, edited and revised with notes by George David Gilbert (8vo, 445 pages; Dutton: \$5). Not memorable as fiction and certainly not memorable as history, it is difficult to place this work of Mme d'Aulnoy. She gives you the atmosphere of Charles the Second's court but that is about all. She was so poor a witness that even when she was in the right you don't believe her—so that she does the general cause of truth a great harm. Her tales of gossip have about the same relationship to the Charles-the-Second manner as tabloid journalism has to the life of to-day.

JOHN WESLEY, A Portrait, by Abram Lipsky (illus., 12mo, 305 pages; Simon and Schuster: \$3) is the first popular account of the founder of Methodism which gives value to the new documents, in Wesley's cipher, bearing on his love affairs. Naturally, the author exaggerates the importance of these affairs at times; and at others escapes the psychoanalytic pitfall and tries to present Wesley in relation to his time. The method chosen lacks continuity and has vividness.

ANNIE BESANT, by Geoffrey West (12mo, 174 pages; Representative Women Series, Viking Press: \$2). By this portrait of "a propagandist militant of the apostolic variety," we are reminded that social, political, and religious enlightenment owe more than they may well be conscious of, to this fearless solitary pilgrim who for almost eighty years has fought "on the side of the angels" and been "attacked most bitterly by the godly." So spare, emphatic, and reasoned a life is in itself a pleasure; but our debt is primarily to the sharp sense it gives of a uniquely able woman—a person full of energy, self-discipline, and confident, exalted soberness.

HENRY THOREAU, The Cosmic Yankee, by J. Brooks Atkinson (12mo, 158 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). Mr Atkinson is a clever biographer if not a great one. He has the contemporary emancipation from the subject that came in with Mr Strachey, but has no wish to demolish—for which, in this instance at least, we may be grateful. But it was a mistake to drag in Emerson! Just one quotation from this master—"Henry is, with difficulty, sweet"—provides a touchstone of genius that makes Mr Atkinson's own contributions seem, in contrast, thin.

THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS, edited by Odell Shepard (10mo, 348 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3). The adult reader is often obliged to smile at the younger Thoreau's high tone—it is so unyielding and so pontifical—especially when levelled at the young man's less enlightened neighbours—but the importance of being earnest is not so laughable as the undoubted merit of the writer reveals itself in the later chapters. These have the irresistible charm that made *Walden* great, and seem like continuations of it. The mere record of the changing seasons becomes drama in his hands and the book is relinquished, at the end, with a sigh; so complete has been the Thoreau spell.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, by Paul Radin (8vo, 371 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$5). Dr Radin's varied narrative deals principally with the rather long and probably crowded day of civilization on the American continents before the advent of Europeans. He traces the course of culture from its finely intellectual rise among the Mayas of Central America and its splendid pulses north and south through two continents to its subsidence and last stragglings among the culturally overwhelmed aborigines we know to-day. The fourth chapter, particularly, is to be remembered for its sympathetically vivid but critical account of the ancient Peruvians, those "Children of the Sun," and their great Roman empire among the Andes. The book is one of substance as well as interest.

THE THEATRE

IF one has the faintest interest in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, it is extremely difficult to discuss *GODS OF THE LIGHTNING* as a play; yet it seems to me that that is the only way it can bear discussion at all. For if it is a document in the case itself, the standard of criticism changes and one must consider to what extent it remains faithful to the actual course of the trials; and the singular virtue of the play is that it is faithful to the spiritual course, departing by dramatic necessity from the actual. Further, it assumes that innocent men were railroaded to their death in order to gratify some of the meanest greeds and to allay some of the most ignoble fears of the ruling classes and the stultified common people. There is no trace of impartiality. Occasionally, in the travesty of justice presented in the trial scene, the judge rules for the defence, just often enough to make his essential favouritism to the prosecution more marked. In everything else it is the struggle of the wronged men against the oppressors.

This being so, Messrs Anderson and Hickerson must have known that they would bring into the theatre an audience with passions already roused. They had the equivalent of a fist fight, an execution, or a last-minute rescue existing outside their play, in the actual facts of the case on which the play is founded. It happens that I share their apparent conviction of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti and that I am always moved by any suggestion, however distant, of an execution on the stage. But as a confirmed spectator at the theatre I had to consider—and at times the authors forced me to consider—what they had done with their material, more than the material itself.

The great thing in their favour is that they have been able to concentrate so much of the emotion of the trial and to weave together so many of the separate threads of incident, testimony, and proof. Against them is their extraordinary waste of time and energy, their cluttering the stage with too many, too sharply contrasted types, and their failure ever to suggest that the prosecution may have sincerely felt itself justified. The district attorney is presented as one heartily sick of the frauds and frame-ups by which he is compelled to win his case, the capitalists as cruel and bloodthirsty monsters, the judge as a cold machine who barely

fails to make clear his prejudices. The enemy in the play is the capitalist system; whereas one suspects that in the actual case of Sacco and Vanzetti the enemy was that ancient power which the Greeks managed to put into their plays because they believed it divine and all-powerful—ananké. I do not mean that the judge, the governor, and the governor's committee were without prejudice; I mean that their prejudices came upon them irresistibly, that they fancied themselves protecting a desirable order of society, that they were in a sense fighting for their lives as Sacco and Vanzetti fought for theirs. And even if their motives had been all mean, as so many were, the play would have gained in dignity and power if the motives there had been exalted.

The play created one character—Macready, played by Charles Bickford. It was not a character out of the actual trial; Macready stems from the epic of the Wobblies, the genuine American I.W.W. who would probably have a desperate time coming to fundamental understanding with most of their international brothers. The theory may be universal, but the special expression of Macready is grandly American and Bickford played him magnificently, carrying a sort of jauntiness, a spiritual power, a hardness, and a humour which rounded him out while the others, both in writing and playing, were flat. Thick accents, idiosyncrasies, repeated tics, a fairly credible language, served for the others; Macready and Bickford together had character.

There was, in addition, a touch of passion in Suvorin. This character, played in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre by Leo Bulgakov, has a central position in the plot; it is he who engineers the murder for which his friends are arrested and it is he who vainly confesses his guilt when conviction is imminent. He is the lone-wolf rebel, the man who has a grudge against society and works it out by robbery and murder—a little incredibly, perhaps. It is when Suvorin turns upon the reds who surround them, accusing them of feeble hearts, of cowardice, of being too sane, of lacking the true fire of the anarchist, that the cross-fire of the play becomes intense. Unfortunately, in the scene of the confession, the Moscow Art Theatre triumphed over the play; Mr Bulgakov stood and agonized, but the drama stood still. And this, regrettably, happened again at the end of the play when Miss Sylvia Sidney, as Rosalie, Bulgakov's daughter and Macready's fiancée, played hysterics. Miss Sidney's first act was commonplace; but in the second she had moments of extraordinary inten-

sity, some of them as moving as anything one recalls in the theatre. During the trial Rosalie is asked whether she is engaged to Macready, whom she has not seen since the time of his arrest, just before which she has broken her engagement. Her reply is that she loves him and that she is now telling him that she still considers herself his. The effect of her glance crossing Macready's destroys all resistance, in all legitimacy, since it rises from the play and calls for nothing outside the play to help it place a heavy hand upon one's heart. This was a moment of the art of acting; her other moment and Mr Bulgakov's minutes were more in the art of keeping the centre of the stage.

The audience applauded sentiments, not emotions; long speeches against the ruling classes were hailed like arias at the Metropolitan, the claque being paid in emotion, not money. It offended me, and so far as the play asked for this response, the play offended me. A good actor can say the line "Love is everything" to make an audience laugh or cry or yawn; but no one sets up applause for the sentiment.

A late visit to *THE FRONT PAGE*, after reading the text, is surprising. Most of the first act which reads breathlessly, is uneven in tempo, and often drags dully. I had heard of a patron who left in the middle of the second act because it was too noisy and the noise meant nothing to her—which I find amusing, but not reasonable. The noise of the second act is a factor in the play, like the battery of telephones which plays the part of the Messenger with almost sinister efficiency. The dragged spots of the first act are longer than they need be for contrast and the play, as seen, doesn't seem to begin until the last moment of the act. Thereafter it proceeds like wildfire, a roaring epic of the press, and however you may feel afterward that the play exaggerates, while you see it you are entranced by the enormous humour which tells you again and again that the surface is not necessarily the truth, but the truth lies underneath. Some of the episodes occur so rapidly that the point is missed—such as the entrance of an old man and a rickety boy in answer to the urgent demand for four husky men to move a desk; they are hardly on the stage before they are driven off—and their contribution is not to humour (as it seems in the text) but to excitement. The play is mad and rowdy and Messrs MacArthur and Hecht have added fantasy both in the run of the plot and in the language and ideas of their

characters. If this is what comes of living in Chicago, I propose that a lot of our dramatists make the supreme sacrifice and try it.

The Marx Brothers, it would appear, are going to be among those superlative stars who play a year in New York and a year on the road—meaning that we shall see them in a new show every two years instead of every year. The consolation is that one can see them, with relish, several times during the first year. They are in rare humour in *ANIMAL CRACKERS* (book by Morrie Ryskind and George S. Kaufman—who directed *THE FRONT PAGE* for Jed Harris) and if Harpo slips, Chico rises and Groucho retains the masterful flow of monologue with flashes of lunacy and barbs of wit. The expertness of the brothers is a pleasure to contemplate, they know their medium, the effects they want, and precisely how to get them. Harpo's silence leads him to brevity and economy of gesture, where it usually leads mimes to excess; all of his quips are condensations of elaborate jokes and the good ones, in the majority, have the sense of surprise which, psychologists assure us, is one of the mainsprings of laughter. Rebuked for having stolen nothing of value from a victim carefully played by Chico, Harpo rolls up his sleeve and shows he has stolen the man's birthmark, and does it without pointing, slipping away from his own jest with a deprecating smile. Chico and Groucho elaborate, creating palaces of foaming words, demolishing them with a wisecrack at the end.

There are several good songs in *ANIMAL CRACKERS*. And there are, as the high point of the entertainment, which is all sophisticated enough and bright and confident, the dances arranged by Russell Markert. A few years ago—four or five—Mr Markert was in the chorus of the first *Vanities*; later he did some stage-managing; last year he directed the dancing in *RAIN OR SHINE*. That is a brief record for one who, in the present show, arrives at the very top of a difficult profession. The dancing is all individual, has the special imprint of a director who knows the traditions and the business of stage dancing and adds to it something of his own. The high spot is a hand drill elaborated from the same type in *RAIN OR SHINE* and suffused with beauty. It is at once the perfection of mechanical training and the perfection of created lines and masses. It has nothing to do with either gesture or interpretative dancing, since it is pure movement to music. It is one of the few things of the beginning season I am most happy not to have missed.

MODERN ART

ON a small desk in a corner of the room at the Lurçat Exhibition there was a new Henri Rousseau album. Turning over its pages I voiced an objection that had been struggling within me for some time—that I had had about enough jungle pictures. The first one that came along was thrilling. It inspired more terror than an actual trip through the jungle, for it made you believe, in spite of yourself, and as a dream might, in unrealities. The jungle itself, I am persuaded, and in spite of the recent testimonies of MM Paul Morand and François de Croisset, looks perfectly plausible by the time you have reached it—just as the big trees of California by the time you have reached them look plausible enough and fit into their backgrounds without particular shock. Nature after all is nature; and sets the law. But the first Rousseau jungle played on all the nerves of fear, confronting you as it did with the very crocodiles that our French friends say await you behind every bush; and the second one also made you tingle. The third, fourth, fifth, and subsequent jungles, however, let you down—or, rather, I should say let me down—for I think M Lurçat did not quite agree with me—into a morass of placid unemotionalism; which is a far worse place to find yourself in, if you happen to be a connoisseur of emotions, than a ditch full of actual crocodiles. Lurçat admitted there was some such feeling abroad but thought it unreasonable. He said, pointing to one of his own pictures on the wall near by, that in the old days an amateur of painting would say, "Paint me one like that," or perhaps, "Paint me two like that," if he wished to give one to a friend at a distance. But at present such a repetition would be regarded as criminal.

In the midst of our Rousseau talk someone mentioned that doubt had once been cast upon the celebrated *Bohémienne Endormie*. A well-known painter who knew Rousseau in the flesh was quoted as saying that the Douanier was not the true author of the *Bohémienne*. Who then was? Who that walked the earth save Rousseau could have painted it? several of us asked at once, and we answered ourselves in chorus, No one! The picture, in any case, is one of the very greatest of this era. I have been accus-

omed to ranking it Number Two in my list of great Rousseau achievements, giving only the *Fête à la Mairie* precedence over it. There is something so extraordinarily racial in the *Fête*—like the *Marseillaise* of Rude on the *Arc de Triomphe*—that it must always be given a high point in French expression. Nations may be said to have balanced all their accounts with God when they have produced such superb justifications as these two works of art. But just the same, it was easy enough to see what had led to this aspersion upon the *Bohémienne*'s birth-certificate. She had been built upon a simple plan. All the other important Rousseaus had plenty of amusing detail. The *Bohémienne* was as stark as a primitive. The woman, the lion, the moon, the desert! So, though aware that no amount of scandal could affect a picture of such evident virtue as this one, it was nevertheless reassuring to have Joseph Brummer—to whom I retailed the story—O K it. "It is unquestionably by Rousseau," said he. Mr Brummer's early association with the artist gives him great authority in this connexion. His opinion, however, is just an opinion—like my own. He did not actually see the picture in the Rousseau atelier. It had been painted and sold before he made the Douanier's acquaintance. So the exact history of the work is yet "to be had," as Diamond Lil would say. I shall track it down.

Jean Lurçat deals in fearsomeness, too. Not so openly as Rousseau but just as unmistakably. In his small moon-scapes there is often something uncanny and in the big *Femme Turque* there is much. Even in the architectural themes there is a dash of mystic. M Lurçat has seen Smyrna, or heard about Smyrna. Some of his scenes have the Smyrna label and almost all the town pictures look Smyrna. That is, they concern themselves with unroofed houses. The after-the-earthquake effects must have been undoubtedly cubistic; and to be modern, M Lurçat was scarcely compelled to exert his inventive powers. He did, of course, like any cubist, compose his elements. He composed them masterfully and so believably that his genuineness as an artist quickly makes itself felt. He takes liberties with what tiresome people call "the facts" of nature in a way that would never have been tolerated in any other period than this, but he never falters in his re-creation of nature. It is a world of his own that he builds up, and a peculiar world consequently, but it all hangs together so perfectly that imaginative people pin their fancies to it readily

enough. The young people especially take to it without urging. Surfeited with the facts so recently crammed into them in school I suppose it is a revelation to find facts treated cavalierly and at the same time musically. That and the "fact" that Lurçat's language is not the language of yesterday are two of the charms. Young people of to-day love to see the language of yesterday put back where it belongs—into the definite past. Is it wilful of them? It is. If you could do anything about it would you do it? If so, be quick. More than half the Lurçat pictures have been sold and the exhibition still has some time to run.

The Lurçat show, the "centenary collection" at Knoedler's, and the modern group at Reinhardt's put a heavy, an almost crushing, emphasis upon French art. For the collector, "art is international," as Mr Phillips says, and he takes his "bien" where he finds it, and he certainly finds a lot of it in France. There remains the glamour of purchasing abroad. There still are many who like a Picasso all the better because it comes from Paris. But the patriot admits to himself with dismay that we seem to be as far off as ever from the moment when Parisians will prize a Burchfield just because it comes from New York. Later in the season probably, Mr Burchfield, Mr Marin, Mr Demuth, Mr Lachaise, Mr Kuniyoshi, and a host of other heroes will push some of the native stuff across—but just at present we are obliged to forget all about our own place in the sun, so resplendent is the glare from across seas.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

THE first session of Pro Musica, Inc., with music brought in from Holland, Poland, Austria, France, Italy, and even the United States, was more commendable as an exhibit than as solid entertainment. The Krenek number for strings, played by the New World Quartet, was perhaps the greatest disappointment of the evening. Said to have been written during a train ride, it seems to have embraced the not novel but still uncompleted task of abstracting the music from such unmusical sounds as arise from grinding steel. It contains many labyrinths of discordancy which, on first hearing at least, suggest no aesthetic purpose. One cannot anticipate and be corroborated; one can follow, or cease to follow. At times the musicians seemed to feel great conviction. Were these moments perhaps grave crises in the piece, hunted out by the performers during the mild autumn evenings of rehearsal, and now exultantly displayed? The question is unanswerable. . . . The Szymanowsky Songs of the Lovelorn Muezzin, as well as the Raga-malika by Maurice Delage, an agreeably mournful melody circulating about the tonic, were shown by Greta Torpadie to contain the same exotic sorrow as she has discovered in many varied composers. In the piece "From Hawthorne," by Charles E. Ives, who is under our flag, a "cinematographic" scheme of the composer's whereby a few pure bars of a far-off Protestant chorale are pitted against the tumult of the industrial civilization, gave Anton Rovinsky an opportunity to produce the church notes *espressivo* out of the sustained disharmonies. But in Mr Rovinsky's playing there were pauses, calm moments before attack, which might profitably have been reserved for more portentous matters. . . . Surely the most good-natured numbers on the programme were Carlos Salzedo's Pentacle, Five Pieces for Two Harps, performed by the composer and Lucile Lawrence. In these instructive items, the harps were played as though by trap drummers—and the audience was elated by the pattings, massagings, tweakings, and similar sportiveness (we confuse technical and moral description) to which these bardic instruments were subjected. The evening closed with a Trio for Violin, Clarinet, and Clavicembalo, by Gragnani of Italy. And

of one fact we are certain: That if the earlier numbers on the programme were right, this one was wrong; and if this was right, all that had preceded was absurd. Here, in shamelessly pretty music symmetrically repeated, in happy moods such as are found oftenest on old calendars, no less than one hundred and fifty years of technical questings were cancelled. Was this a discovery—or a breakdown?

We have since seen the cancellation in another form, having heard Stravinsky's *Apollon Musagète* as played by the Boston Symphony. Here the return was corrected by many resistances. But in this gentle, stylized Hellas, this parlour music, there was much calm and sunniness, so labelled. The work is for strings alone, but the author proved that, even in sacrificing his exceptional gift for varied timbres, he could maintain the frequency of his musical happenings. Stravinsky seems to modify his *ars poetica* by a process of elimination.

Of that modest titling of recent works which the Philharmonic has allotted us, we shall not dwell upon the Atterberg Symphony written as a monument to Schubert and accordingly awarded a ten thousand dollar prize by the Columbia Phonograph Company. The melodies, which were given prominence to fulfil the contract, and as such could easily bear the strain of a slightly deviating orchestration, were not made to bid for our sympathies with the frankness which distinguished the commemorated master, but in this minimizing of the risk, they were given a relief which, aside from the conditions of the award, had little purpose. Such a frank bid, on the other hand, was made by Gaspar Cassado in his Catalonian Rhapsody for Orchestra, though the themes in this case enjoyed a different sort of immunity, the piece being an instrumentation of the national lore, "the rhythms, melodies, and characteristic turns of phrase of the songs and dances of his native Catalonia." Such elucidation of rugged or naïve material is generally in the composer's favour—it is a modest resource, agreeable when exploited, and not yet exhausted. . . . Of the same sort, but much more vigorous, were the *Fête-Dieu à Séville* and *Triana* of Albeniz, orchestrated by E. F. Arbos. They were Iberian, and they were

dances—and there was no forgetting it. And when the music would grow technically infuriate after the manner of dancers, mounting in an accumulation of brass, pizzicato, and percussion, we saw no reason why we should refuse to be buoyed up by these peppery pieces. . . . As contrast, they had been preceded by Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis* for Double String Orchestra. It was organ music played on violins, and written in a mode which, we are told, "doth rage." But to the modern ear, none of the ecclesiastical modes can rage. Their differences among themselves are obscured beneath the pronounced unsecular aspect which they share in common. We were relieved to learn from a more professional colleague, who had consulted the score, that the three introductory taps of the gong were placed there gratuitously by Mr Damrosch, who desired to put the audience in a more receptive frame of mind than seemed obtainable by the ringing of the electric bell in the hallways. They were thus a matter of business.

KENNETH BURKE

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DIAL AWARD this year has been proffered by the
donors to Kenneth Burke.

It is difficult to think about art we are told, where there is a great deal of noise, or to talk of it to those who are inattentive. Mr Burke has, however, without discovering a retreat for himself, devoted himself uninterruptedly to writing and to so good purpose that word of his service to literature will come to the reading public in no sense as news. Nor in his studies has one art starved another, for music enjoyably and scientifically—enjoyably perhaps because scientifically—is present in his aesthetics. “The artist, as artist, is not a prophet,” he remarked in a pamphlet some while since; “he does not change the mould of our lives: his moral contribution consists in the element of grace which he adds to the conditions of life wherein he finds himself.” The opinion of the sceptic that the artist can thrive under only the most favourable conditions is often shared by the artist; but discipline under provocation, an integrity of confident expectation, the refusal to be warped by misadventure, are not infirm refutations.

Translating requires that one put at the service of something not one’s own, the most sharpened and excellent tools in one’s armoury; that is to say, there is character rather than good fortune in translation of finish.

A creatively investigating interest in psychology can be felt in any aspect of Mr Burke’s writing; and richly, in those forms which people have a way of terming creative. As he has himself said, “The artist does not run counter to his age; rather, he refines the propensities of his age, formulating their aesthetic equivalent.”

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